Historical Society

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1880. NO. 48.

NEWS NOTES.

Tom Thumb and wife are giving ten cent exhibitions in Brooklyn.

The Carson City mint will be removed to the Mississippi Valley. St. Paul wants it and ought to have it.

Hon. M. K. Armstrong, formerly member of congress from Dakota, is now located at St. James Minn.

The Richland county *Gazette* has been enlarged to a seven column folio and greatly improved in appearance.

It is reported in Rome that the Pope intends creating four Cardinals in the United States this year.

Body snatchers threaten to claim the body of [illegible]. Accordingly his friends have filled the grave with torpedoes.

Capt. Whitaker's former instructors at the South Carolina University, speak of the cadet in the highest terms.

Judge Moody is after the commissioners of Lawrence county and charges them with misappropriating or something of that sort $700.00.

A six and a half foot vein of coal is being opened in the Black Hills. The coal is lignite but of an older formation is much better than that in the Missouri river country.

The Deadwood *Pioneer* says the Bismarck [illegible] company delivered 120,000 pounds of freight in two days last week, and received [illegible],000 pounds the following day.

The Deadwood *Times* of the 20th says [illegible] Benteen with ten days rations and a detachment of the 7th cavalry, is off on a scout after raiding reds. He was joined by a large number of citizens.

Vignaux won the international billiard match played at Paris last week, beating Slosson the Chicago boy by large odds. Slosson asks for revenge and will probably be given an opportunity to redeem himself.

There are reports that nearly the whole town of Marshfield Missouri, was blown down by a terrific wind storm Sunday night. The fire that followed [illegible] the loss of life, destruction of property and suffering resulting from the storm was fearful.

When the arrearages of pensions bill passed Congress Secretary Sherman declared that it would take a hundred and fifty millions of dollars out of the treasury within a year. The act has been in force for more than a year, and only about those entitled to pensions under it have received their share. But the total expenditure has been less than twenty five millions, only one sixth of Mr. Sherman's estimate. John is a astute financier truly.

Tilden's convention was held in Syracuse Tuesday. Lester B. Faulkner, chairman of the regular Central Committee called the convention to order, and said the Democrats would not bow to faction, and sacrifice Democratic principles in order to tempt success. He commented on what he termed the elevation of Hayes to the presidency by fraud. The name of Tilden was received with applause, and a delegation headed by ex Gov. Robinson chosen. They will endeavor to have the two third rule continued in force. Abram S. Hewitt was chosen elector at large. Kelly's convention met at Shakspeare hall, and nominated a delegation headed by Amasa J. Parker.

HAPPY DENNY HANNAFIN.

He is Never So Happy as When He is a Kicking Post.

No man enjoys a good square kick, figuratively speaking, better than Denny Hannafin, Bismarck's Faro king; and as the "kickers" are lively just now, Denny is as happy as a clam at high tide or a [illegible] in a summer shower.

The county liquor licenses having been paid into the general county fund instead of the school fund, Mr. Emmons, chairman of the commissioners, "kicked," and advised the saloon men not to pay. Some of them did it, so the grand jury considered their cases and indicted every mother's son of them for selling liquor without a license. The judge fined those $10 each who plead guilty, and intimated that it would cost dollars a hundred or two if they went to trial on these cases. He also fined Mr. Emmons, of the commissioners a like sum for advising them not to pay. And it is because of this that some kick. It will be remembered that district attorney Stoyell recently took advanced ground in relation [illegible] insisting that purity must [illegible] the watchword." He is also credited with remarking that "Bismarck must hereafter be run on a religious basis, [illegible] if it must." This was supposed to relate to the scarlet ladies, most of whom closed their establishments and [illegible] anticipating indictments and heavy fines whereupon hackmen, traders and others to whom their patronage was valuable kick. The judge fining the saloon men remarked: "There are twenty good lawyers in Bismarck, and you should have sought their advice rather than that of a poor county commissioner, but," he continued, "you must pay for your experience and Mr. Emmons the county commissioner must also pay for his advice. I therefore fine you each $10."

All were fined who did not pay license for a year in advance, including those who paid for a portion of the year under the advice of Mr. Emmons.

Birds Eye View of Bismarck.

F. M. Fowler, one of the best artists in the country, is at present sketching Bismarck for a mammoth birds eye lithograph view of the city, similar to the one recently published by the same artist at Fargo. The scheme is indeed a good one, and THE TRIBUNE ventures to assert that when the view is completed, there will not be a dozen in Bismarck, who will fail to purchase one or more. Fargo took hold of this matter with a vim, and she can, indeed, be thankful to Mr. Fowler for so good an illustration of the live young city.

Don't Give Him a Rest.

The editor of the Jamestown *Alert* claims that the boys of that city make so much racket with base ball on Sunday, that it disturbs his quiet game of penny ante.

TRIBUNE TELEGRAMS.

BOTH THE ARMY AND NAVY APPROPRIATION BILL PASS.

Gen. Hatch Has a Hard Fight with Arizona Indians---The Whittaker Cadet Case---Miscellaneous News Notes.

(*Special Dispatch to The Tribune.*)

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The senate joint resolution accepting with thanks the desk on which the declaration of independence was signed as a gift to the United States from the heirs of Thomas Jefferson, was adopted.

The army appropriation bill was considered. Blaine opposed an amendment to the provision, forbidding the use of troops at polls so as to make the carrying of arms at the polls punishable by a fine and imprisonment, but the vice president ruled it out of order.

After unanimous amendments had been offered and rejected the bill passed as it came from the house by a vote of 28 to 18. The Spofford-Kellogg case was then taken up. The house motion was agreed to referring to the committee on rules. The speech which appeared in the *Record*, by Mr. Downey, of Wyoming, in support of his bill to authorize the painting of a Biblical picture on the Capitol walls. Downey had the speech, which was in blank verse, and never delivered in the house, copy-righted and the committee is to ascertain whether it is competent for a member to copy-right his speech.

The naval appropriation bill was then passed.

The house went into a committee of the whole on the special deficiency bill and the republicans accepted the proposition that they have an hour and the democrats twenty minutes to debate.

THE NATIONS PET.

SANTE FE, NEW MEX., April 23.—Gen Hatch, after the fight of the 7th inst., in Etre to Cannon, concentrated his forces and marched upon Mescalero agency. On the 12th he surrounded the agency and succeeded in capturing the whole band of Indians there, making the following prisoners: Four hundred and sixty warriors, over two hundred mules and eight horses, captured and much stolen stock found. On disarming the Indians, thirty made a break for liberty and fourteen were killed. Sixteen got away. On the 13th instant, one returned and gave himself up. Gen. Hatch sent a party in pursuit of the rest and other depredators.

BREAK IN ERIE CANAL.

UTICA, N. Y., April 23.—A break in the Erie canal occurred west of Utica, Frankfort and Utica level emptied in two hours, overflowing the vicinity. The damage is serious.

CANADIAN BLAZE.

OTTAWA, April 23.—The loss by the great fire at Hull, Canada, estimated at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. Thousands of people are rendered homeless.

RAPID RIVER RISE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23.—For the last three days Sacramento river has been rising rapidly and threatens damaging inundation.

TERRIBLE CYCLONE.

HANNIBAL, Mo., April 23.—The town of [illegible], Mo., was annihilated by the cyclone Sunday, every building but three being destroyed. Only one person killed. The heaviest rain ever known for this time of year prevailed.

THE LIBERAL CABINET.

LONDON, April 22.—The Queen has sent for the Marquis of Hartington and Earl Granville but nothing definite is yet known. It is thought that Gladstone will be sent for to-day. Beaconsfield's resignation will be received and accepted by the Queen.

GEORGIA FOR BLAINE.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 23.—The Georgia republican committee is still wrangling over the Chicago delegation without choosing any. The anti-Grant men retained control of the meeting and a committee of delegates was chosen and reported. The delegation claimed will be fifteen for Blaine and four for Grant.

VOORHEES IN HOT WATER.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The money appropriated to pay the expenses of the exodus committee, $25,000, has become exhausted and Voorhees has gotten himself into trouble by summoning witnesses and having vouchers to pay them, discounted at brokers.

ANTI-THIRD TERM.

ALBANY, April 23.—The New York anti-third term league met at the Delavan house Albany yesterday, Mathew Hale, chairman. Resolutions reported by Horace White strongly protest against the nomination of Grant. They resolved to send delegates to the St. Louis convention.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON, VT., April 23.—The Vermont Democratic convention organized, Hancock seeming to be the choice of the majority.

FORT YATES WEEPS.

FORT YATES, April 19.—The Rose Bud, the first steamboat up the river, arrived at this place this morning. Co. "I," 17th Infantry, has had marching orders for several days and as soon as the boat put in an appearance they began to fly about to get their baggage to the landing which was accomplished by 10 o'clock. They then fell in in heavy marching order and were then marched to the magnificent new flagstaff which has just been erected. The band was ordered out and the company brought to a present arms. The flag was then raised for the first time at the post, the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." The company were then brought to a carry arms, in which position they were addressed in a few appropriate and complimentary words by Gen Cardin, which were received with vociferous cheers and a tiger given by the boys in honor to the general and his kind remarks. The company then took a farewell march around the parade ground, headed by the band playing "the Girl I left behind me," "Auld Lang Syne," etc. The boat which left at 1:45 a. m. took with it one of the finest companies in the service.

The loss of this company is very much regretted by the remaining command, for while the enlisted men were making every effort to relieve through sociability the monotony of garrison life on the frontiers its officers were gentlemen. Of Capt. Roberts it may indeed be said that he is the father of his company. The 1st lieutenant, Geo A. Roach, is the officer who last year constructed the military telegraph line between Bismarck and this post and half way to Ft. Sully, D. T. Second Lieut Chynoweth was commanding the Indian scouts at Yates, whose "hearts are bad" on account of his loss.

LIVE FENCES.

A Matter Which Farmers Should Consider Immediately.

While the "herd law" of Dakota is of great value to the settlers upon our prairies when the country is new and settlers far separated from each other, yet as the cultivated fields become more numerous and more extensive, and the range for stock narrow restricted, the necessity for enclosures for domestic animals becomes more apparent.

The scarcity of timber and the high price of lumber make the rail and board fence too expensive for the farmer of limited means. Live fences are just the thing for the Dakota prairies, and can be grown easily and of sufficient size in five to six years to form a complete barrier against stock. Our territory produces the best hedge shrub in America if not in the world. We refer to the Shepherdia, commonly known as Buffalo berry. It is found in great quantities near Bismarck and at other points up and down the Missouri river.

It has a dense growth, with very sharp spines upon the ends and along the sides of the branches, and stock soon learn to give it a wide berth, in fact it forms a perfect *cheval de frise*.

Nuttall in his "American Sylva," speaks of it as follows:

"Its resemblance to the olive is very striking, it has a rounded uniform, elegant summit, and when in fruit, which is at the close of summer, scarcely anything can be more brilliant than the load of berries with which it is everywhere clad, these are about the size of small red currants, juicy, but not watery, of a pleasant subacid taste, mixed with a sweetness which renders them generally agreeable. Made into sweet jelly in the manner of currants they are thought more palatable by most who have tasted them. But the great use of the Shepherdia will be for constructing hedges or live fences at least in the Northern States where it thrives well. Kept down by cutting it becomes sufficiently close, and also has the advantage of being thorny green or rather silvery, till late in the autumn, and it is attacked by no insect nor subject to any disease or blight. In favorable situations it becomes a small tree twelve to eighteen feet in height, and when adorned with its scarlet berries, produced in thick clusters so as to almost conceal the branches, few objects are more ornamental, contrasted with the silvery hue of the leaves, which remind one of the use of olive, it presents at once an appearance both striking and novel."

Its range is from the Platte to Fort Edmonton on the Saskatchewan (40 degrees to 54 degrees)

From the middle of April to the middle of May is the best time to set out the hedges, and the enterprising farmers of Dakota should commence at once the growth of live fences.

DISTRICT COURT.

Cases Disposed of at the Term Just Closed.

The following cases were disposed of at the last term of court.

Frank Leman, indictment of the grand jury, guilty, sentenced to six months in penitentiary.

Winslow and Roberts, David Vinsen, Alex. McMillen, John McCarty, indicted jointly, grand larceny and acquitted.

Joseph Young, Wm. Decker and Wm. Smith, jointly for highway robbery. First trial jury disagreed. Decker and young were sentenced for life, and Young turning State's evidence sentenced one year.

Alvah Proctor, grand larceny, stealing mules, guilty, three years.

Francis Johnson, grand larceny; jury disagreed.

Chas. E. Douglass, grand larceny, guilty; seven months.

John S. Kelly, assault and battery, ten days in county jail.

Hamlet Givens, petit larceny, not guilty.

Geo. Wilson, assault with dangerous weapons, guilty, one year in penitentiary.

Forty indictments were found against liquor sellers in Burleigh county for selling without license, and District Attorneys costs only $10, in each case, adjudged and *nolle pros* entered.

F. H. Morgan, forgery, jury disagreed.

Nellie Mixter, keeping house of ill-fame, costs only adjudged at $25.

Kate Bailey, ditto, *nolle pros* entered.

Lizzie Wood, ditto, fined $100 and $25 costs.

Henry Briscoe, assault and battery, 10 days in county jail.

Lucy Wells, house of ill-fame, $100 fine and $25 costs.

Mary Gorton was granted a divorce.

Mrs. Etta Proctor was granted a divorce.

Col. Burleigh and James Goss were admitted to practice on certificate. Cyrus Cramer and "Kite" Stoye were admitted on examination. Henry N. Wilson was also admitted to the bar.

FORT BUFORD.

Brief Scintillations from "The Tribune's" Special Correspondent.

(*Special Correspondence of The Tribune.*)

FORT BUFORD, D. T., April 16.—Paymaster Thomas is still at Fort Custer, and the troops here are consequently down to "hard pan"—the last of the greenback is no longer heard in the land, and the "chips" are getting dusty while "Reuben" languishes disconsolate..... "Crow that flies high" has announced his new departure for Berthold and there are many who would be pleased to offer him the stirrup cup. Perhaps his constituents at Berthold may prevail upon him to remain there a consummation devoutly to be wished.....Captain Thomas Britton 6th infantry, while drilling the battalion sometime since, accidently sustained a severe sprain that confined him to his quarters for several days: he is now out and again on the action list, where, by the way, he was generally been found since the Mexican war.... Joe Culbertson was here recently from the upper country. He reports everything quiet at the agencies on the upper Missouri....There is some talk of a ferry at the Muddy above this post on the Fort Peck road, to be operated by employes of the Interior Department. It would be a benefit to the traveling public....Manager Stockman of the signal office here is engaged with a force of men, detailed for the purpose by General Hazen, in lowering the cable that crosses the Missouri near this point. A deep trench on the South side of the river is found necessary to insure the safety of the cable from interfering with passing steamboats.... Speaking of steamboats reminds one of the first boat of the season. Last year the Meade arrived here on the 9th of April, and there were many who expected an earlier arrival the present season. The first boat is yet an interesting topic, and affords ample opportunities for winning new hats. From the article in the TRIBUNE on the "break up" it would seem the river was wrathy. Not so here. The ice went by so smoothly, and there was so little of smashing or anything akin to boisterousness, that the common remark obtained was "isn't it going pretty?" Which remark though it smacks of femininity was a favorite with the male Bufordite.... The long winters in this section are favorable to collections of rubbish, and decidedly against any extensive efforts at policing, but when the first warm days of spring appear, the inevitable "spring cleaning" commences, this is especially the case here at present. The erection and moving of buildings late last season at this post, necessarily left much of the debris lying around loose until this spring, and the commanding officer finds it no easy task to get the post back to its proverbial state of cleanliness. I used to hear it remarked in certain circles that soldiers did nothing but polish buttons and eat a sort of leisure life, in the piping time of peace, but I know better now. A frontier post with a small garrison always has something that must be done. His satanic majesty finds but small foothold on the score of idle hands.... Our neighbors, the Gros Ventres have had their annual goose and corn dances. The latter, a square dance, was repeated at the post. An undress rehearsal, or the corn part of the ceremony was fully illustrated, each Indian princess having in her arms a huge "bokay" of sage brush, the crowning glory of each nose gay being an ear of corn—the dance was anything but a dance according to pale face ideas of terpsichorean figures. The movements of the dusky belles, conveying the impression that they were afflicted with lameness in one of their—limbs, and the thoughts would intrude that it was far more interesting to gaze upon assemblies, in which some of the spectators often participated, where the mellow stains of Strauss assisted the graceful evolutions, and not a flat accompaniment upon an enlarged specimen of tamborine; this may be styled "what I know about square dances." REX.

The Custer Memorial.

The Custer memorial monument to be erected on the field of the Custer massacre, the scene of the battle of the Little Big Horn, arrived in Bismarck last fall too late for transportation up the Yellowstone. It has been stored at the levee during the winter and will be sent to its destination on the first boat going up, probably the Batchelor. The land upon which this memorable conflict occurred that resulted in death to all of the troops engaged, neither man or beast escaping, excepting the horse "Camanche," now at Ft. Meade, has been made a government reservation and will be preserved conforming as near as possible to its appearance after the struggle. The monument to the heroes will be unveiled with the usual ceremonies and though far beyond the borders of civilization the sympathy and friendship of the whole country will be extended with this last testimonial to the gallant soldiers who fell beside the young and noble Custer.

The Last Sad Rites.

J. B. Bailey was buried in the Presbyterian churchyard on Sunday last, the funeral being conducted by the Masonic order with their usual forms. Though the day was very disagreeable thirty-two Masons joined in the procession and in the cermony at the grave. A large number of sympathizing friends were also present. The pall bearers were John E. Haggart, sheriff of Cass county, Dakota; Alexander McKenzie, sheriff of Burleigh county; George P. Flannery, Thomas Van Etten, A. W. Cameron, J. H. Marshall and John Davidson, W. M., conducted the ceremonies, and to Col. Wm. Thompson, the oldest man and Mason in the lodge, was assigned the duty of carrying the three great lights. The attendance at the funeral was very large, both of the brethren and other friends of the family.

THE TRIBUNE [illegible]

AN OPINION WHICH CAUSED A SENSATION IN WASHINGTON

The Senate Committee on Railroads Agree to a Six Year's Extension to the N. P.---Progress of the Extension, Etc.

(*Special Dispatch to The Tribune.*)

THE COMMITTEE REPORT FAVORABLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19.—The senate committee on Pacific railroads, today by a vote of seven to four agreed to the granting of a six years' extension of time to the Northern Pacific for the completion of its line. Senator Windom who presented the report, urged in the strongest language the necessity of its passage as it was a just appeal of the people of the northwest. Those of the committee voting against the measure were W. W. Eaton, Conn., Geo Pendleton, B. F. Jonas of La., and J. S. Williams, of Kentucky.

(*Special Correspondence of The Tribune.*)

THE TRIBUNE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Your correspondent would not be surprised if the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, reports favorably on either a six or ten year's extension of time to complete the N. P. R. R. During the past week numerous copies of the Bismarck TRIBUNE of issue of April 2, containing the able argument in favor of such extension, have been in circulation in the city and several members of the railroad committee have been seen by your correspondent closely cloistered, and studiously [illegible] upon the facts presented. It is hardly probable that any act will be passed at this session, deciding this matter of so much importance to Dakota. The house committee is unfavorable to an extension of time, while the Senate Committee has not thus reported, and this matter may go over to the next session. Much indignation is felt at the manner in which the house committee has used its knowledge of railroad matters, and bills pending before them, for speculative purposes, and an investigation is already whispered among friends of the N. P. R. R. When a committee of the American Congress turns its sessions into secret meetings for their own self-interest, using their knowledge as committeemen, in buying and selling stock, it is high time they were investigated. This committee exclude their own clerk from the meetings, in order to work their "points" without any outsiders having a hand in [illegible]. CLIP.

Two hundred copies of THE TRIBUNE of April 2d, containing Col. Thompson's opinion, were sent to Washington, and a marked copy to each member of the railroad committee.—ED. TRIBUNE.

RUSHING BUSINESS.

Work on the extension is now fully organized. Over 500 men and 200 teams have passed through the city during the past week for the front. To show the immense amount of freight at present being handled by the Northern Pacific at this point, there were over 600 cars unloaded or between 60,000 and 70,000 pounds of freight from the east handled here during the past six days. There are now at work on the extension about 1,500 men. This number will be increased to 2,000 by the first of next month. The ground is now being worked the entire length from Green river to the Little Missouri and track laying is being pushed at the rate of a mile and a quarter per day. There is no doubt but that trains will be running to Green river by the first of June and to the Little Missouri by the first of August. By that time the sixty five miles

BETWEEN THE LITTLE MISSOURI AND YELLOWSTONE

will have been mostly graded, ready for ties, and with these encouragements there can be no doubt of the Northern Pacific reaching the Yellowstone next fall. Chief engineer Anderson, and Messrs Walker and Clark came in Wednesday from off the line. Mr. Anderson, although a man of very few words, expresses himself pleased with the progress being made and has great confidence in the Northern Pacific's ability to reach the Yellowstone this fall. The supply store is being moved to Green River and as soon as the road reaches this point it will again move to the Little Missouri, where it will most likely remain until the road is completed to the Yellowstone.

BAD LAND BOULDERS.

A large party of engineers under Mr. Smith passed through the Bad Lands on the 5th, bound for the line on the Yellowstone. There is now iron enough over the river to build twenty-one miles of road and enough at the landing to complete the first 100 miles. Mr. Fisher, assistant engineer on the Northern Pacific extension, has commenced cross section work west of the Little Missouri river. He has seventeen assistants in his party. It begins to look like business. There are "one hundred thousand" yards of earth to be removed from the two cuts on Mr Walker's Bad Land contract instead of "one hundred" as stated in THE TRIBUNE of the 9th. Quite a difference.

The first farming attempted on the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands commenced recently at the cantonment for a company garden. The ground selected is a piece of table land 200 feet above the level of the river, on top of a butte whose sides present all the characteristics of apparent sterility peculiar to Bad Land localities. Should that garden prove a success Gen. Hazen should "move on" in search of his desert which so far appears to be an *ignis fatuus* of the liveliest description, caused, probably, by the Dakota railroad.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Non Fisher is east after his family.

Cuyler Adams, of Spiritwood, was in the city Sunday.

E. G. Newport, the railroad contractor, was in town Tuesday.

John A. McLean is east purchasing goods; also Dan Eisenberg.

Col. Geo. Clendenning and Geo. Clendenning, Sr., still remain in the city.

Judge Barnes adjourned the court until May 4th and left this morning for Fargo.

Wm. Longan, a Massachusetts lawyer, has determined to make Bismarck his home.

John Bow and left for the Hills yesterday morning, where he will engage in business.

Bishop Marty is visiting at Standing Rock, and will return to Bismarck in a few days.

Geo. C. Raymond of St. Paul, arrived this week, and goes to Montana in the cattle business.

A. W. Raymond has gone to St. Paul and Chicago to purchase his spring stock of goods.

Jas. Browning, of Deadwood, arrived from the east this week, and left for the Hills yesterday.

Mrs. J. D. Wakeman and [illegible] left Monday morning for a summer's visit in New York state.

J. A. Baker and wife, R. A. Bate, and W. S. Baker, were passengers by the Butte for Fort Benton.

M. Eppinger, of the Star Clothing House, returned last night from an extensive purchasing trip east.

Father Chrysostom went east yesterday morning. He will visit Jamestown and the sidings intervening.

J. W. Barnum, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending a few days on his bonanza farm at Sanborn, Northern Dakota.

W. C. Davie, the merchant prince of Mandan, "tripped the light fantastic" when asked at the leap year ball.

John Powers of the firm of T. C. Powers & Bro., Benton, arrived from Chicago and went up the river by the Butte.

J. H. Miller, of Freeport, Ill., is in the city, a guest of E. A. Williams, on his way to Ft. Benton with a lot of horses.

John M. Lynch has been appointed manager at St Paul, Minn., of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Mr. Arthur Linn, associate editor of the *Sun*, is quite ill at his residence on Third street. The newspaper fraternity seem to be catching it this week.

Chas. A. Carson, of the "*Picturesque Northwest*," an illustrated monthly published at Fargo, was in town this week looking up material for his next issue.

Mrs. Doran, wife of Mr. E. P. Doran road master at this city, left for a short visit to Duluth, Wednesday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ames, who had been visiting Mrs. Doran in this city during the week past.

B. C. Ash and family will shortly remove to their valuable claim in the James river valley having sold their property on Fourth street to Mr. Frank Bolles, formerly of this office but now an attache of the post office.

Miss Minnie Davidson, of Brainerd, is spending a few days in the city with her father John Davidson, of the Northern Pacific offices. She is accompanied by Miss Farrar, daughter of Master mechanic Farrar, of the Northern Pacific.

Mr. Tibbett, the Buffalo hotel man who was figuring on the purchase of the Sheridan House in this city, left for the east yesterday morning. The sale was not consummated. He is making money out of it and is not very anxious to sell.

Mr. A. E. Pounds and family of Michigan registered the 20th at the Sheridan. In company with Mr Shaw, a capitalist of Chippewa Falls, Wis., will open an extensive stock ranche, and engage in the lumber business if there is an opening.

C. F. McGuskin, representing Mulford & Whiting of Minneapolis, did the city this week. McG. was one of the terribly mashed victims of Helen Mar White but failed to get on the string published in THE TRIBUNE. He says his name saved him.

Fred. Holembach, one of Bismarck's pioneers left last Sunday for Fort George Island about fifteen miles south of Fort Pierre to establish a townsite at a point where the North Western Railroad strikes the river on its route to the Hills. It is a government reservation but will probably be thrown open to settlement.

The Illustrated.

The engraving is so far along that we hope to be able to publish the illustrated edition of THE TRIBUNE next week. Every line in it will be made to speak for Dakota and the northwest, and we trust those interested in the country will be liberal in their patronage. The cost of preparing illustrating, and publishing the edition, will be but little below $2,000 and as the work is not aided by the railroad or other transportation interests, it deserves all the more encouragement from the people. A canvass for subscription and advertising will be made to-morrow and the first of coming week.

Among the illustrations will be given the Sheridan House and Bismarck and other hotels; a very fine view of the new court house; several Burleigh county farming scenes; the Worcester hunting car loaded with game; the landing, Raymond's brick block; and several Black Hills and Red River views. The engraving is being done in Chicago and St. Louis, and will be first class.

A Good Fair to Draw to.

Chas. Stanton, (Slang,) according to his own statement, is the proud father of twins, a boy and a girl, born on Monday last. The general belief is, however, that simply a girl constitutes the new addition to the Stanton family.

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IN-DWELLING GOD.

He dwelleth on the mountain tops,
Where the morning mists arise,
And in the glistening drop of dew
That in the valley lies;

And in the gloomy caverns deep,
Where sunless waters glide
And stalactic beauties have their birth,
There, too, He doth abide.

I see Him in the silv'ry stream
That to old ocean pours,
And in the wondrous bow that spans
Where "dread Niagara roars."

I hear His voice when the whistling wind
Around my dwelling blows,
And in the singing hail and rain,
And music of the snows.

In the restless wood-bird's simple song—
From thrush to whip-poor-will—
His presence is apparent
As a city on a hill.

The fragrance of each beauteous flower
Is but His scented speech,
And the glory of His eloquence
Far into my soul doth reach.

The light of sun and twinkling stars
Are embodiments of His smile,
And oh, how oft I upward gaze
And worship all the while!

Closer, closer still, I follow Him;
His language I understand;
Through every joy, and sorrow too,
He's with me hand in hand.

And when His mandate summons me
To cross death's darksome tide,
May I interpret the summons thus:
"Nestle closer to His side."

—*Chicago Ledger.*

A LESSON ON DRESS.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay dashing girl, fond of dress and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of the bandbox. Cora was a belle of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was a very "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance in the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first that if Douglass had pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearance the match will be a good one," my husband replied.

There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little irritated at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I had imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky fellow to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject and awoke some unpleasant doubt. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in paper, and she had on dirty stockings and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me Cora!" I said, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," I said.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now, for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think that my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do; and depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him every day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eye of your husband, whose approval and admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it a most impossible for those who saw her to believe that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before.

But even this did not last long. I noticed after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner, that her "fortune was made," she did not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hour's growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It is a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort is everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth.

His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slipshod feet and head like a mop, was lounging in a rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look," said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about my mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared, not only with a long beard, but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how you do look!" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so.

"It is no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is a waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband look so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint; broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us. Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea.

My friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies present, and I could not help suggesting to her that she was very wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied:

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door to the parlor opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At the first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut. His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions: his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblacked, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward," exclaimed his wife with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the horrid figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and therefore deemed it best to try to throw off all reserve upon the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?"

Douglass looked grave.

"Well, may he ask what is the matter," broke in Cora energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" and Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard and ran his fingers through his hair. What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on and came off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" and Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said with much gravity of manner, "I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made, (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be more particular in these matters, but now it is no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half seriously—"so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in good order."

"But it's too bad of you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I would trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," I replied.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

Music.

As God gave man reason and imagination and memory and love, so he gave man power to enjoy certain forms of sound—an inexplicable, ultimate sentiment in the soul. Man is endowed, evidently, with certain divine attributes which the brute world does not possess. The brute will trample under foot unseen a flower which a human child will run wildly to possess, and the delicate perfume, which would not be detected by an animal, is gathered up with gladness by man. The beast of prey can scent afar the blood of its natural food; can even follow the old track of its victim, but cannot perceive the best perfume of Araby nor the aroma of a sea wind. Man alone reveals the power to discern the beautiful. The universe around him is not only immense in its sizes and distances, but it is grand in its beauty. The star distances amaze the human heart. It grows silent and thoughtful when it learns that some suns are so far away that their light consumes 5,000 years in coming to our planet; the same heart grows silent and meditative when it looks out upon the Atlantic or Pacific seas; when the flowers all burst forth in the spring, and when they are all fading in autumn this same strange soul marks within itself the spiritual flow and ebb of delight and regret, and when the thunder rolls or the pine trees moan or the birds sing or the tones of voice or instrument send forth the vibrations, this human and mysterious power asserts itself and stands as happy and blessed in the world of sounds as it was a moment ago in the world of color and perfume. Of this sentiment of the beautiful we can only say that it is an ultimate quality of man, one of the images of God in which he was fashioned when the Creator said: "Let us make man in our own image." Once sent forth on its career it enters the school-house like a child and begins with its simple lessons. Our earth repeats in all its departments the law of infancy and youth and middle life and mature age, with this difference, that arts and institutions do not grow old and die. All our arts pass through an alphabet and the school-house and the shop of the apprentice, but they do not, like man, fall into a grave.

Of late years old Egypt has come more toward the front in this procession of nations and arts and learning. Greece, coming to us through Rome, became, in an important sense, one of our ancestors, and drew from Western Europe the affection of children for a parent, and for centuries scholars saw only what they called the classic world. Egypt lay hidden behind the columns of Greece. Even the pyramids lay concealed behind the shield of Achilles or under the helmet of Ajax; but a land and state so vast could not always be thus covered up by a Greek column or plume. In the last half century that old land has been allowed her name as the Mother of Nations, and due confession has been made of her part in the drama of mankind. It is now conceded that the music of Egypt was wider and richer than that of Greece. The antiquaries have found carved in an old tomb at Thebes a harp having twenty-one strings, and this harp was about the height of a man, showing us that the music which the ear heard in Thebes, 4,000 years ago, ran from the deep notes of our longest piano string upward three octaves. With such a scale of sweet sounds from a stringed instrument, it is quite certain that the Mother of Nations was a mother of no very humble music. Other figures remain upon monuments, which tell us that the Egyptian girls played upon the guitar, and perhaps sung words to the notes, a thousand years before Greece and Rome became visible in history. What system of written music they may have had is not known.—*David Swing.*

THE term "doughfaces" was first used by John Randolph on the occasion of the passage of the Missouri Compromise bill in 1820. He stigmatized that compromise as a "dirty bargain," and denominated the Southern members of Congress who favored it "doughfaces."

TOMMY—"What does it mean, Sissy; laying up something for a rainy day?" Sissy—"Don't know, Tommy; 'spect it means borrowing a friend's umbrella and never returning it."

EASTER FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, bright flowers,
On the glad Easter morn;
The chancel and altar
With their beauty adorn!
Their fragrance ascending
All the temple shall fill
Like cloudlets of incense
Floating softly and still.

The lily of Egypt
With its pure regal spathe,
And rosebuds and pansies,
Shall we strew o'er the path
Where footsteps of Jesus,
Coming forth from the tomb,
Shall 'mid their fresh gleaming
Rob the grave of its gloom

The Earth in her bosom
Her Creator once took;
And a thrill of great joy
All her strong pillars shook
So ever at Easter
In grateful remembrance,
She offers fair flowers—
Of new life the semblance.

And as the sweet blossoms
From all climates are culled,
May Earth and her nations,
Their transgressions annulled,
All join in the anthem
To the Saviour arisen,
Whose echoes shall enter
Heaven's portals Elysian!

HIS FIVE MOTHERS.

Important to the Married—How an Exemplary Man Lived Happily With Five Mothers-in-Law.

[Sacramento Bee.

Most husbands and wives, if we may credit all they say, find it difficult to live in the same house with a mother-in-law, but "old Sol B——" (as he was commonly called), of Boston, dwelt in peace and comfort for several years with five ladies bearing that relation to him.

When I first knew the old gentleman he appeared to be about fifty, but was in reality sixty-eight, and had a charming wife, who was then twenty-six; and two lovely children, a boy and a girl, one seven and the other five. His other children by his first wife were all married, and some of his grandchildren were also married, and themselves had children older than Mr. B.'s two youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his pleasant home, not many miles from Boston, as I took my place at the dinner table with Mrs. B——, I was surprised to see five old ladies come into the room together and be introduced as follows. "My own mother, Mrs. B——, senior; my next mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs James, my fourth mother, Mrs. Williams, my fifth mother, Mrs. John."

"Mrs B——, senior," who seemed the youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud at my look of consternation—a me odious voice for one of her years—and everyone smiled but Mr. B——, who invoked the blessing with the usual air and led the table talk on indifferent topics. That evening in the parlor young Mrs. B—— gave us some music, and the old ladies retired one after the other, the "own mother" going last, when she was tenderly assisted upstairs by her own son. On his return Mr B—— said to me with a smile of amusement:

"I see you are as the ladies say, 'dying to know' what it all means. I purposely did not tell you that I have five mother in laws, because I like to see the effect produced by my household on other people. You, for instance, live so differently, alone, how do we appear to you?"

"Harmonious and happy; but I have seen you together a very short time. What is your everyday experience?"

"Much the same, especially since my dear wife came into our house, for she had all the dear old ladies when she arrived."

"But where did you get them all? They cannot all belong to you."

"Yes, every one of them. I have our mothers in law, and as my own mother is my wife's mother in law, of course that makes five mothers in-law in our house. Now, as my wife is just going to her little one's nursery, I will tell you about my old ladies.

"When I married my first wife, her mother, who was a widow, came to live with us. She was a good creature, and had seen pretty hard times, having supported herself and her children by school teaching and sewing for several years, and she seemed to greatly enjoy my comfortable home—I was always a thriving man of business. So one day I said to her. 'Now mother, there is no reason why you shouldn't make your home with us always while you live, you can bring your own furniture, if you choose, or you need not; the room you now occupy shall be your own always, and besides what my wife may do, I will give you $50 a year for your clothes (that was an ample sum for a woman to have all to herself in those times). You can teach if you wish to, or do anything else to earn money if you wish to, you will always be welcome to our table and our parlor, or, if you prefer, you can cook for yourself in your own room. Only one thing I will exact in return, you must never make any mischief or quarrel with any one in my house about anything. And if sometimes you are displeased you must go to your own room and pout it out alone, and only join us again when you feel pleasant. For I won't be worried, and least of all will I have my wife worried by anybody. Now, mother what do you say?'

"She only said 'you are a good man, Solomon B——, and the almighty will reward you, and I thank you from my heart. I will do my part.'

"So I never had any trouble with her. We all lived together twenty years, and then my wife had an attack of pneumonia and died—all Massachusetts women have weak lungs—and soon after my mother was left a widow and came to me. My mother is only sixteen years older than I am, and being so lively and smart she seems quite like a young sister to mother Henry, and they got on easily together. But after a while, when the children were all about grown, I got so lonesome that I coaxed a real nice sensible lady, of Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as good as gold, to marry me. I told her all about my old ladies and found that she had two mothers living with her, her own mother and her husband's mother. They had neither of them any property, but she owned a house, and took boarders in it to support them all.

"Well, I made the same proposition to her old ladies that I made to my mother-in-law, and they both agreed. Then I went home, and soon brought my second wife and her mothers here. We had some occasional pouting at first, but I always held two points without yielding—I was the master in my own house, and I would never let anybody worry my wife. So pretty soon my four-in-hand learned to travel smoothly on all together.

"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy old age with that dear wife, but alas! in two years she was killed by a railroad accident. I was with her on the train, and was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered, my dear wife's grave was green. I felt so bad and my health was so poor that I did not care for a woman again—all my children were married, and I was left alone with my four old ladies. Then I met a pretty little romantic widow, who was 'so sorry for you!' she wrote poetry and painted pictures, and was dying of the white of consumption—that scourge of our city—and I thought as she had a struggle to take care of herself and her husband's mother, I could smooth her passage to the grave.

"So I married her and her mother—I mean—well, you know what I mean. I treated her mother-in-law just as I did the other old ladies, and that wife lived seven years after all. I made her so happy that she adored me, and we had the sweetest baby ever seen. Oh, what a lovely creature that child was—a little angel—she only lived three years, and then faded away. But I've several beautiful pictures of her painted by her mother.'

"And did you have any trouble with that mother in law?'

"No, while her daughter-in-law lived; she was always taking care of her sick child and grandchild. But when Emma was gone and all seemed quiet again, the old lady wanted to marry me."

"What, Emma's mother-in-law!"

"Yes, she was a handsome woman still, and she knew it; about my age and no relation whatever, so she set her cap at me."

"And that made a commotion in the house!"

"Well, yes. Yes, I never knew my mother to get into a real rage till then. She was mad. She told me to go right off and get a young wife—the younger the better. Then I got mad! stormed away at my old ladies together, threatened to break up housekeeping and turn them out upon the world, away from the pleasant home which they had enjoyed so long that they really believed it to be theirs. Finally I declared that I would leave them in it to fight like Kilkenny cats, while I would live at a hotel in the city. And I kept my word. I lived at one hotel and another, but always went home on Saturday nights to go to church next morning as usual, so that the neighbors should not be gossiping about us.

"How good they were to me then. They lived together like a nest of kittens! But mother assured me that peace would not last long if I lived at home without a wife, so when I met a pretty little orphan girl, who had not a relative in the world, I told her all about my affairs, and the sweet creature, with tears of pity in her eyes, consented to marry me, and be good to my old ladies. And she kept her word, both in letter and spirit, and I am thankful that He has given me so many blessings!"

Just then young Mrs. B——returned, and though I observed through the evening that her manner toward her husband was more that of a beloved and loving daughter than a wife, yet she appeared more serenely happy than any woman I remember ever to have seen.

This story is from life, excepting that I have changed all the names. So B—— has been dead some years, the will he left was as just and manly as his other acts.

HYMN FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm did sleep.
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude
And bid their angry tumult cease
And give for wild confusion peace
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect us, wheresoe'er we go—
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

No Incompatibility Like that Between Youth and Age.

From the New York Times

Once upon a time, a man who had well nigh reached the limit of human life, as given in scripture, married a young woman. This has happened so often that we should not say it was "once" upon a time if it were not that this peculiar case did only happen once. The old man married the young woman but once; and he would not have done this a second time, even if he had a million opportunities. He was fond and she was fair. His was a high official position, and hers was an humble station in the social scale. But she was comely, bright, virtuous and well-mannered. These are rare traits to offset the education, fame, and official honor which the old man brought into the partnership. That she had not demeaned herself by working for her living all sensible people truly said. And he showed good judgment in wedding the woman of his choice, without reference to the difference in their social status. He had brushed aside the flimsy barriers which a false condition of society would have placed between them. Theirs was not exactly a wooing of the king and Cophetua, or we have neither kings nor Cophetuas in this happy land. But it was, as everybody said, a happy union of two loving hearts, albeit one was fresh with life's young spring, and the other was closing under the chilly influences of the autumn of the year. Nevertheless, it was a pretty sight and women looked on with tender and tearful interest as the aged bridegroom vowed to love and cherish, while she, blushing celestial rosy-red, vowed to love, honor and obey. Many a high-bred damsel who looked vainly from her casement for him who came not envied the modest maiden who gave her hand to the great man, and thus took the right to call him by one of the dearest names on earth. There was a gush of sentiment when the happy pair drove away in their coach-and-four; and society, for days afterwards, was agitated with discussions of the delightful affair. It was so romantic, so out of the common course of things, and altogether, very nice. Winged thoughts pursued them on their wedding tour, and many a feminine imagination pictured them in their bower of wedded bliss—in a first class hotel—she all clinging tenderness and reverent affection, and he all chivalric devotion. Other old men looked on and said, under their breath, "Lucky dog!" And many a maid, left like an ungathered rose, wrung her hands, and, with Desdemona, wished that Heaven had made her such a man. So it went merry as a marriage bell, for only marriage bells are merry.

In time, when people had well-nigh forgotten this wonderful social event, there came forth dark rumors of disagreement and jangling in the home of May and December. He loved the domestic fireside, as old men do. He dozed over his newspaper, or slumbered noisily with his handkerchief over his head, while she fretted and pouted, unadmired and neglected. Would she go out into the bright sunshine and open the petals of sweet young life in the sun rays? He would rather stay indoors and mouse among musty, dusty law books and political correspondence. Then he grew jealous, for he rightly thought that a young woman, though a wife, might readily be attracted by a young man's winsome face, when the old man's face was often clouded. It was not in human nature for a bright and charming young woman to extinguish her light and sit down in the twilight of the aged. So they quarreled—violently, even, and some gossips went so far as to say that he lost his temper and pinched her black and blue. For the honor of the much abused male sex let us believe that this is not true. But they did actually separate. After months of unhappiness and bickering she fulfilled that awful threat that many another married woman has fulfilled, and went home to her mother. Then the gossips wagged their heads, and said, "I told you so." She said that she had borne his harshness, tyranny and unreasonable jealousy long enough. He said that she was a giddy, frivolous thing, running after wild young places, and no fit mate for a sober and dignified middle-aged gentleman. Curiously enough, none of these defections seems to have cropped into the minds of either before marriage. They both had thought they would be the first old husband and young wife who should live happily together. They had left nature out of their calculations.

This is an old story, as old as the time of Solomon. Men have fooled themselves in this sad fashion ever since the world began. And the unsympathetic part of mankind has ever remarked of the deluded one, "It serves him right." Somehow, most people make allowance for the delusion of age. The old man who marries a young wife honestly thinks that he will be a fond and devoted husband, and that she will be a faithful wife. They both agree that this is possible for them. And if she is dazzled by his high political and social position, she is doubly sure that her great reverence will be the guardian of their conjugal love. But even great men may be mean. A certain high and mighty senator, now no more, was wont to show a wrinkled front when his young wife wore pink ribbons in her hair, or called him by his Christian name. So when May shivered in the arms of December, and he pinched her (as they do say) black and blue, the riches and honor which he had brought in other life were gone. What is it to the fair young wife that her husband is famous or honored by the world if he "nags" her at home, keeps her tied to the leg of his library table, and occasionally lays his hand in violence upon her? She might have known better. Young though she was when she married him, she must have heard it said that there is no fool like an old fool. And he ought to have had sense enough to know that a man verging on three-score years and ten is no fitting mate for a young girl. We hear much nowadays of that incompatibility of taste and temper which drives the marriage bond. But there is no incompatibility like that which nature has placed betwixt youth and age. The mature man, for this side of senility, inwardly likes to see his son, just budding into manhood, thirsty for the pleasures which he finds in gay society. He sighs to think that his golden haired boy has grown away from his side and does not find his highest happiness by his father's knee. He may even regard with a pang of jealousy the youngster's inevitable gravitation into the society of frivolous young ladies. And yet there are old men who, failing to see that the pleasures and pursuits of the young, and the old do not move in the same grooves, delude themselves with the fancy that one can take to himself as a partner for life a young woman in whose delights he cannot have any considerable share. He has exhausted life. She has not begun to live hers. He knows that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. She has heard this, but she must prove it for herself. He is the ripe fruit that suns itself on the autumnal bough before it drops into the hand of the harvester. She is the delicate blossom just expanding in the airs of spring. The people who say that these should be brought and kept together, would violate the laws of nature which have put May and December wider than the poles apart.

TO PAPER WHITEWASHED WALLS.—Make flour starch, as you would for starching calicoes, and apply it to the wall with a whitewash brush. Let it become dry; then, when ready to put on the paper, again go over the wall with the starch, also the paper, and apply. Walls may be papered in this way which have been whitewashed for years in succession. Alum is one of the best additions to whitewash to prevent its rubbing off. Smoky walls may be improved by adding plenty of indigo to the water before mixing in the lime and other ingredients.

"PUT no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said a wag. "Don't give me any epi-taffy."

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BRIEF MISCELLANY.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Legend of the Ground Hog.

A ground hog climbed up to the mouth of his hole
Just to take a sly peep at the weather,
And right careful was he not to venture too far,
For he said "I've some foes, and I know who they are;"
But he thought he would like to know whether
The long, cheerless winter was certainly o'er,
Or whether 'twould linger for six weeks or more.

He peeped slyly out—'twas a dull, cloudy day,
And the prospect was dismal and gloomy;
But it suited him well, for he bolted right out,
And the way that he frollicked and gamboled about
Showed a liking for places more roomy
Than the close and contracted, though snug little hole,
In which he'd been sleeping as blind as a mole.

What a queer look he had! You'd have thought so, I'm sure,
Had you caught but a glimpse of the fellow;
Out of four little paws, you'd have noted but three
That were black, for the fourth was as white as could be,
While his fur was of mixed gray and yellow;
And right lanky was he with a famishing maw,
For he couldn't eat dirt and he wouldn't eat straw!

He rose with an appetite, doubtless you'll think
'Twas exactly his own way of thinking;
So he made up his mind that he'd soon have his fill;
To a garden hard by started off with a will,
And the sight that he saw set him blinking;
For a splendid repast to his taste there he found
In the winter fruit scattered all over the ground.

He had only just taken a nibble or two
When he noticed a chill wind a-blowing;
And lo, and behold! he could scarce trust his eyes,
For a clear azure streak showed itself in the skies,
And soon the bright sun, too, was showing;
His shadow he saw, and with piteous dole
He cried, "Out too soon! I must back to my hole!"
—And for six weeks thereafter 'twas snowing!
—*M. M. Pegram, in St. Nicholas.*

City Boys' Chances.

Can anything be done to give boys in the city a better chance?

Yes; there are some things that can be done, and that must be done. Our system of education must be modified so as to provide industrial as well as mental training. The education of the hands, the education of the eye, the education of the judgment, the education of the will, that a boy gets by learning to work, are of more consequence to him in future life than arithmetic and geography and grammar. These last are of great importance, but those first are of greater importance; and it is a poor system of education that makes no provision for them.

It is *habits* rather than methods of industry, however, that you need to earn; and many of you find some opportunities of learning these about your own homes, if you will look for them. There is considerable work of one kind or another that boys can do—that some boys do—in connection with the house or the garden or the grounds; and, if you will shoulder this, and do it well and faithfully, the exercise and the training will be very profitable to you, and may be very helpful to your parents.

Furthermore, there is plenty of chance for you to do faithful, mental work.

To begin with, there is your everyday school-work, to which some of you might give a good deal more time, with great profit. If you will take the studies that you like least, and go at them with the determination to master them; if you will put yourselves right down to the disagreeable parts of your school work with steady patience, and hold yourselves to them till they are thoroughly done, you will get in such victories as these a discipline of will that is almost as good as you would get in hoeing a stony potato-field. Beside, there are lines of reading or of study that you could take up in connection with your school work in which you would find the best kind of discipline. If the boy who now spends almost all his afternoons in the park, or visiting boy friends, and almost all his evenings at his club, or at the music hall, and who fills in the intervals of leisure with Fireside Library stories, will make up his mind to give at least two solid hours of every day to the reading of some instructive book—doing it of his own accord, doing it thoroughly, not fooling around with the book in his hand, but holding his attention right to it, whether he is specially interested in it or not, till he comprehends it and fixes it in his mind—that will prove to him a most valuable training. The boy who can do a thing like this can make a man of himself. He is not the chap to be elbowed off the track by country boys, nor by anybody else.

Of course you ought to have a chance to play. A boy likes to play, and a school-boy needs to play. I should wish my boys to have at least two hours every day of good, wholesome, vigorous out-door sport; so much as that would not hurt them, I am sure—though that is a great deal more than I had. But I am equally sure that all those city boys who really expect to hold their own in the great competition of the world must give less time to idleness and play and foolish reading, and put their minds and their wills in training for the serious work of life.—*Washington Gladden, in St. Nicholas.*

A Funny Sleigh-Ride.

It was five miles from our reservation, where we lived among the Indians, to a town from which we received our supplies.

One bright cold day in the early winter, it was found necessary to send to town, and, as the sleighing was good, I begged the privilege of going. Frank, an Indian boy living in our family, was to be my attendant.

"I'll take you there and back before noon, Miss Mary," he said, as he drove up to the door.

I took my seat in the little clumsy sled which the men called a "Tom Pung," but which Frank, in his broken way, called "Tommy's Pung."

"Me take old Hoosier. He go quick," said Frank. "You no be 'fraid; me hold him."

Away went Hoosier like the wind. I soon saw that Frank could guide, but could not hold him. I became alarmed. Frank tugged away at the reins, saying: "Me hold him. Me hold him."

At length we were stopped by a tree that had fallen across the road. We made our way, with much difficulty, around the tree, and Frank climbed upon Hoosier's back. "Me ride here," he said. "Then me make him stop."

A little way further on there was a steep hill. Hoosier climbed the hill briskly, but, just as we reached the top, the box slipped from the runners, and I was left sitting upon the seat, nicely wrapped in the buffalo robe; and Hoosier, Frank, runners and all, were leaving me.

Just at this moment several dogs rushed out from a wigwam by the roadside, and, by their loud barking, frightened Hoosier, and prevented Frank from noticing that he had lost a part of his load, and from hearing my voice as I called after him. A turn in the road a little further on made me lose sight of him. Several Indians now came out from the wigwam, and their loud "ha, ha," added not a little to my vexation.

They finally asked me to go into the wigwam for "ta-kotch" (warmth), but I declined, thinking Frank would soon return.

I had not long to wait before back he came with the rest of the sleigh.

The Indians kindly aided in securing the box to the runners, and we reached the town in safety.

Frank warmed himself while I was making my purchases, but he had become so chilled on his way to town that he suffered with the cold when we were returning.

"I'm heap cold, but my boss toes" (big toes) "ache the worst," he said, whenever I questioned him.

We reached home with no other misfortune than the delay in going, and the trouble with Frank's "boss toes" when returning.—*Mary Montreal, in Youth's Companion.*

A Plea for Tobacco-Smoking.

Smoking is essentially an American taste. It is in harmony with our climate and our habits. It resists the blues and it stimulates reflection. We pride ourselves on our reflective qualities. These qualities can never receive justice so complete as at the hands of the tobacco-smoker. Smoking collects the thoughts, combines ideas, quietly lays down phrases in logical order. It invests poetic fancy with a great halo, and incubates invention in its genial exhalations. As the magicians of old burnt herbs, and produced from their vapors an image of magic beauty, a scene of the future, or the eidolon of a distant present, so does this necromantic herb of modern days, with its weird powers, support the exertions of genius, evolve thoughts from eminent minds, and silently co-operate in great labors. From all times smoking is said to have existed in one shape or another. On the carvings from Nineveh a man may be seen enjoying an instrument very like a pipe; and the prevalence of the practice in different regions forbids the assumption of a common origin. Narcotics are secondary necessities of human life. Tobacco, opium or betel nut supply this want to the different races of man. Civilization adheres to tobacco as a middle course. Among its uses, smoking is the most creditable. Snuffing or chewing are as ignoble as they are dirty. Fire, the great purifier, redeems the smoker from the less pleasant forms of his pursuit.—*Exchange.*

Standing Treat.

The social habit of drinking at bars, where each member of a party, having been "treated" by another, considers it necessary to treat every other member, has attracted the attention of lawmakers. This habit of standing treat is the cause of more physical and mental discomfort than every other convivial custom combined; a respectable man who feels the need of a glass of wine or spirits—and there are hundreds of thousands of such men, in spite of all that the temperance people say to the contrary—approaches a bar, and finds, perhaps, several acquaintances who are drinking, and who invite him to join them. When he has done so, and drank all he came for, his spirit of independence prompts him to return the invitation, which is accepted by the others, because it would seem discourteous to refuse; then those who have been treated make haste to return the compliment for fear of seeming mean, and the end is that four or five men, each of whom came for a single glass of liquor, retire with several times as much as they needed or wanted. A sillier habit does not exist among sensible men. If a man's reputation is so feeble that its existence depends upon the price of several glasses of liquor that nobody wants, it is not worth saving. The man who has not the moral courage to drink what he wants, and only that, gets far more injury than benefit from his potations.—*New York Herald.*

How They Do Things in Arkansaw.

"If you want a good item," said Jim Johnson to a reporter, "I can tell you of a funny occurrence that happened at Hot Springs last summer while I was there. Mayor Lindle, of Hot Springs, had been blackguarded by the editor of a paper there until he couldn't stand it any longer, so, according to the custom of the country, he went out gunning one day. He brought down two bystanders before he bagged his game, the editor, whom he shot in the leg. None of them died, I believe. Then he went on a spree, and, having full charge of the police and the station-house, he turned out all the prisoners in the station, a lot of horse-thieves and murderers. The next morning he fined himself $1 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In the course of time he was indicted for the shooting. He got a change of venue on the ground that he couldn't get justice in that county. His trial came off in another county. He was fined a fine and costs amounting to $95. He had forty witnesses subpoenaed. Their fees amounted to $5 each—$20. They lumped their fees and gave them to Lindle. He paid the $95 and pocketed $105, and went home happy."

That's the way they do things in Arkansaw.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Go Slow.

An old Boston merchant recently remarked:

"I've stood here on State street for forty years, and I have seen men accumulate fortunes by speculation, and I've seen these fortunes disappear. I have seen men go up in worldly wealth, and go down, and I've always noticed that those persons who were content with slow gains and 6 per cent. interest came out ahead in the long run."

The result of the old merchant's observations is abundantly confirmed by the history of the trade and finance of every commercial city in the world. Strict adherence to the honorable and legitimate methods of business—sometimes slow, but always sure—is the secret of the solidity attained by almost every man of wealth who has accumulated a fortune in business and kept it.

A Cat and a Rattlesnake.

I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun, and kill it. But, looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled upon its stomach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake. When about ten or twelve feet off the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its rattle, faced the cat and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The cat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but, through providential reasons, it went high above the snake, which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far, and, by the time it had turned to face its foe, the reptile was again coiled and ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on four or five times, occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met, and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not unloose its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake enwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches, and had thirteen rattles.—*Americus (Ga.) Republican.*

God Behind Nature.

What accounts for the variety of forms in nature? Some scientists say, the laws of nature. But these laws are merely the methods by which nature works. And the question is still asked, why does nature work by these methods to produce such variety of forms? The following anecdotes, quoted by Joseph Cook, suggest the true answer:

Kepler, the astronomer was one day called by his wife, from his study of natural forces, to dinner, and a salad was laid on the table.

"Dost thou think," said he to his spouse, "that if leaves of lettuce and crops of oil and vinegar and fragments of hard-boiled eggs had been in circulation from eternity in chaos, that chance could have assembled them today to form a salad?"

"Not as good a one as this," said his wife, "nor as well seasoned."

Abbe Galiani, in Paris, once met a company of atheists in Baron d'Holbach's parlor.

"Now suppose, gentlemen," said he, "that the one among you who is most fully convinced that the world is the effect of chance, is playing with three dice, I do not say in a gambling house, but in the best house in Paris.

"His antagonist throws sixes, once, twice, three, four times, in a word, constantly. My friend Diderot will say, without a moment's doubt, that the dice are loaded.

"But seeing in this universe so prodigious a number of combinations, a thousand times more complicated, and complicated more usefully, you do not suspect that the dice of nature are loaded."

AIRING BEDS.—The German usage of eider-down coverlets is not recommended. Though warm and light, "it is insidious in its action," says a leading authority, "and in case of invalids should be watched, for it is apt to throw the sleeper into a violent perspiration." It would seem almost unnecessary to advise the airing of beds, as all good housewives are supposed to have it done; still, as it is something which depends entirely upon servants, it is safe to say that this, the most important point in regard to health, is often neglected. No one ever possibly would think of washing his face in the same water twice, unless there was no more water, but it is quite as disgusting, and much worse for health, for a person to sleep twice in a bed which has been fully imbued with the effluvia of his body. Air and light are the great purifiers, and the work in a bed-chamber is worse than neglected when beds, pillows, coverings and mattresses are not thoroughly aired.

The Noble Red Man.

"Woodworker," an Indian chief, says he has never seen a gray-haired Indian in his life, and he has seen some over 90 years old. It is because an Indian has no trouble, no worriment, or anything that way. His wife chops all the wood, builds the fire, goes to market at daylight, stones tramps out of the front yard, and blacks his boots. And he is not tormented by tax collectors, gas bills and lightning-rod peddlers. Let an Indian start a twenty-four column daily paper in a six-column town, to fill a long-felt want, and his hair would turn gray in one night.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Galtier, a learned professor at Lyons, has been inoculating rabbits with the virus of mad dogs, in order to find whether the malady will yield to any treatment he may devise, but has not been successful. The madness shows itself in the rabbit in about three weeks. M. Galtier finds that the virus of a mad dog will be as powerful, when preserved in water, twenty-four hours afterward, as it was at first.

IF Samson had but possessed the shrewdness of a bald-headed man, he never would have suffered shame and defeat by having his hair cut.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Nor pretty children and a wife;
Nor pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trim cravat;
Nor house and lands nor gold galore,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store
Nor Mister, Knighthood, Sir, nor Squire
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Nor judge's robe, nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race,
These, all united never can
Avail to make a single man!

A truthful soul, a loving mind
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within
And never makes a league with sin,
That snaps the fetters despots make
That loves the truth for its own sake;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God
And calmly smiles at curse and ban—
That is the soul that makes the man.

THE LATE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

The Eccentric Ways and Enormous Fortune of the Owner of Welbeck.

London Truth

The late Duke of Portland's real estate was (roughly) as follows. His Welbeck property was worth £55,000 per annum, and he derived £10,000 per annum from the royalties on a coal pit. This property, contains coal which, if worked, would bring in, on an estimate made a few years ago, above £100,000 per annum. Besides this a portion of it, which is now let for agricultural purposes, is close by Nottingham, and might be let on building leases. His Northumberland property was worth £12,000 per annum. A great portion of this was derived from what is locally called "way leaves" that is to say, for the right of hauling coal over roads. In Caithness he had property worth £8,000 per annum. He had originally bought an estate there for £90,000, and he had by subsequent purchases in the same county, expended as much more. He had a lease of his house in Cavendish Square which has still about fifty years to run. In London his freehold property was worth about £100,000 per annum, and in Ayrshire he possessed estates worth £60,000 per annum. Besides this he had about £1,000,000 invested in good securities, and there was £100,000 at his bankers when he died.

By the will of his grandfather, General Scott, the London freehold property passes to the three sisters of the duke—Lady Ossulton, Lady Harriet Bentinck and Lady Howard de Walden. Of these three ladies the latter only has children, and, on their death, the whole will pass to Lord Howard de Walden. All the rest of the property, real and personal, with the exception of the balance at the bankers, goes under a stringent entail and settlement.

The Bentincks, of the generation to which the Duke of Portland belonged, had many peculiarities, they were seldom on good terms with each other. A good many years ago, a gentleman went on a visit to Welbeck. All the other guests were relations. At dinner-time, on the day of his arrival, each relation asked to him, and to no one else. He could not understand the meaning of this until the next day, when he discovered that not one of them were on speaking terms with each other.

The late Duke was a fine, handsome old man, and his mania for the existence of a recluse was not due, as used to be asserted during his lifetime, to any physical cause. Except that he frequently suffered from boils, he seems to have been in the main healthy. But this mania grew upon him. At Welbeck he was attended almost solely by a servant who had long been in his employ. He died of a general sinking of the system, but even to the last he would not allow his doctor to enter his room. In his way he was generous. A little time ago he told a forester to meet him on a certain day in a plantation. The forester said that his daughter was to be married on that day, and asked him whether the next day would do as well? No, he must come on that day. On finding himself, according to appointment, with the Duke in the plantation, he received a check of £1,000 as a marriage present for his daughter. On another occasion, one of his tenants, a widow, who held a farm rented at £600 per annum, wrote to implore him to give her time to pay her rent. No, she must pay it to the hour. This she did, and the next day it was returned to her.

Of his subterranean borings many stories are told. His subterranean chapel, built a year ago, but it appears that he had also built himself a house above ground in his park, in the style of a French chateau. On his Caithness property he determined, two years ago, to build a house. Workmen were sent from Welbeck. The house, which is entirely built of concrete, was not completed on his death. The Duke had a passion for precious stones and for ancient bindings of books. He has left a very valuable collection both of jewels and books.

The present Duke pleased every one at the funeral by his tact and good feelings. He is a tall, manly looking youth, and is very popular with his brother officers. A few years ago he wrote to the Duke to ask him what to do. The Duke replied by making him an allowance of £6,000 per annum, two-thirds of which he gave to his stepmother. A little time afterward he caused it to be communicated to the Duke that, as he had never seen him, he would be glad to pay his respects to him. The Duke replied that he need not trouble himself.

DESERT OF SAHARA.—Lieut. Seaton, U. S. N., attributes the origin of the Desert of Sahara to the destruction of the forests with which the banks of the Saharan streams were once lined. The inhabitants, being a pastoral people, destroyed the forests to secure pasturage. "Consequent upon the destruction of the forests, the periodical rains were replaced by short, though violent, storms, the waters from which, instead of soaking in, as in the past ages, slipped by on the rocky masses, carrying away the rich surface-mold, and bringing about the drying of the springs, and, as a direct consequence, of the rivers."

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Dated April 7, 1878.

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Episcopal Church.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D., Rector. At the rector's residence. Blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation, at 11 a. m., St. Paul time. Sunday school and even-song at 2 p. m.

Methodist Church.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. Bull, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Thayer. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.

Catholic Church.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
P. John Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
John Davidson, W. M.
Joseph Hare, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. Wm. Baehr, N. G.
[illegible] Vankusen, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
Ed. Sloan, Foreman.
David Stewart, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Northern Pacific.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7:45 a. m.

Forts.—Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3:30 p. m.

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down river points daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at [illegible] m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Black Hills.—Leaves daily at 8 p. m.

Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.

Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1880

The Deadwood *Times* returns to its first love, and now cordially supports Grant for a renomination.

The Emperor of the *Sun* has hauled down the names of Beecher and Adams and now flys Hancock and Palmer in their stead, as the *Sun's* choice for President and vice-president.

The Sioux Valley *Journal*, published at Brookings, Dakota, is also a new candidate for public favor. It is an eight column folio, neatly printed and speaks well for that newly developed region of Dakota.

Trains were blockaded by snow along the line of the Union Pacific Railway last week, but there wasn't a flake to interfere with the extensive seeding operations which were being carried forward on the great North Pacific farms.

The most unhappy man in congress today is Ben Hill, of Georgia. In fact Ben's mind has taken an unfortunate turn and he has taken to explaining in the newspapers. Be virtuous, Benjamin, if you would be truly happy. Beware of widows and female lawyers.

The senate committee has recommended the bill extending six years the time for the completion of the Northern Pacific. The bill may yet pass the house at this session of congress. It doesn't matter, however, if it doesn't for the supreme court has decided that the company is entitled to all of the benefits the grant gives them until congress passes a law declaring the grant forfeited. This will not be done by this congress.

The *Sun* slops over in calling to account Gen. Tompkins, of the quartermaster's department, for not advertising proposals for commissary supplies. Gen. Tompkins has not as yet been transferred to supersede Maj. Morgan, and had the Capt. of the *Sun* kept his weather-eye to the wind he would have found the commissary proposals duly and legally advertised and not placed himself in the position of the famous Capt. Cuttle who was so often compelled to "overhaul his mathematics."

Among the many unfair things said in the Fargo *Argus* "Bismarck and the North Pacific" article, we extract the following as a sample brick: "Very little but slander, misrepresentation and prejudice have been the guerdons offered the North Pacific from Bismarck. Its best meant efforts have been received with scorn, and everything it has attempted for the benefit of Bismarck has been answered by vicious assaults, carefully calculated to injure its standing before the country." Morse's Indian Root Pills are said to be good for such attacks, ma[illegible].

Hon. Alex. Ramsey remarked recently, that while the people admire Grant, and go almost wild with enthusiasm at the mention of his name or at sight of him, they prefer some one else for President, and he expressed confidence in the [illegible] Grant would not permit the use of his name. He could undoubtedly be nominated, but not with that degree of unanimity he would desire. A ready organized opposition to a third term is assuming definite shape and has gained such proportions that it must be considered, and will be, by Grant, who will not imperil the interests of his party to gratify his own ambition or satisfy the friends who are urging his name. Gen. Grant understands the work far better than he did when surrounded by Babcock, Belknap and others of that stamp.

The Fargo *Argus* had better hire an artist and take up and elaborate the question of snow-blockade. It should be profusely illustrated in order to make the subject attractive, and for this purpose they might use the snow scenes carefully compiled by Mr. Haynes during the blockade. Seriously, however, all persons interested had better give the subject a rest and let the snow-blockade be forgotten. The *Argus* suggests that the citizens of Bismarck generally were not responsible for the blockade news which was sent out from Bismarck—that one or two individuals did all the damage so far as reports were concerned and yet the idea is made prominent that Bismarck may suffer a withdrawal of railroad favors, because of the work of these two or three individuals and we are pointed to Fargo as a bright example of the good little town, which is conceded all sorts of favors just because its children never cry and their papas turn in and help build round houses, etc.

True, Bismarck hasn't done very much for the Northern Pacific but it did give two-thirds of all of its unoccupied property to gain the favor of the road, lots worth far more than the entire cost of the Fargo round house while the Bismarck freight office has collected, since it was opened, more money for freight than all of the offices on the Northern Pacific, from the Missouri river to the lakes, Fargo and Duluth included.

No one at Bismarck has ever charged the company with discrimination in Fargo's favor. Bismarck has had the same eastern rate in summer as Fargo and has had no reason to complain. The *Argus* editorial is untimely and uncalled for and it is difficult to conceive why it was published. As to newspaper work in the interest of the Northern Pacific, the record of the past will show more money and time spent and columns of matter published by the Bismarck Tribune in that interest than can be shown by any other half-dozen newspapers not published at the expense of the Northern Pacific, while the articles that could be tortured into the appearance of unfavorable criticisms, of the road or its management, that have appeared during the past seven years, could be crowded into a single page of the paper.

Railroads as well as newspapers cannot be run without occasional unfavorable criticisms, and those who hope to get through life without sometimes being misunderstood and misrepresented are too good for this world and had better prepare themselves for psalm-singing on the beautiful shore without the least possible delay.

The Yankton *Herald* speaking of the late Governor Howard, says: "Although the charm is never absent from a good and noble life, we never fully realize the extent of its beauty until after it has passed away. Hence while the life of our late lamented Governor commanded the love and confidence of all classes and conditions of society of whatever name or faith, its true grandeur was never so fully manifest as at the moment when we realized that it had gone from us forever.
* * * * * *

Gov. Howard was an intense partisan, as men of strong and earnest convictions are apt to be when politics claim their attention; but his convictions were so manifestly real, his expressions of opinion so unquestionably honest, and his private and public life so pure and beautiful, that he was no less respected by his opponents than by his party associates."
* * * * *

Speaking of his probable successor, the *Herald* continues: "There is nothing in the history of such appointments in general to encourage the hope that his (Gov. Howard's) real place will ever be filled. * * * *

Kind and just words surely from a political opponent, and so different from the course of Democratic papers generally in speaking of Republicans who are, or have been in public life, whether dead or alive.

In urging the name of Geo. H. Hand for governor, the Fargo *Argus* is very intemperate in its denunciation of Bismarck because Bismarck asked for the appointment of Mr. Rogers. This course was not expected from one so plucky, and so intelligent as the Major of the *Argus*. The *Argus* was believed to be too good to be so fearfully and [illegible] too good hearted to display so much bile. It remarks: "The Bismarck Tribune is published by the postmaster of that town, (Bismarck) which, by the way, is principally composed of nomadic river men, stevedores, saloon-keepers, bull whackers and [illegible] breeds. It polls 680 votes of which 660 are democratic." The Tribune has not the slightest objection to Geo. H. Hand for the position of governor, but believing that an outside man would be nominated Mr. Rogers was suggested because he owns large interests in the territory and is personally acquainted with our business men and politicians and is familiar with Dakota interests. The Tribune would again a boom for Hand, or for Horace Austin, of Fargo. Having gone [illegible] eyes and a kindly disposed heart The Tribune can recognize good men even in Fargo or Yankton, localities from which very few kind words come for Bismarck.

Jerry Rusk is prominently urged for the Dakota Governorship. Next to a Dakotan the Tribune prefers W. K. Rogers; next to Rogers Jerry Rusk, who has done more for Dakota than most Dakotans know. When in Congress Jerry Rusk was a steadfast friend of Dakota. He was constantly informed as to Dakota interest, and never lost an opportunity to help Dakota or Dakota men. Considerable of the public lands of Dakota were surveyed by a son of Jerry Rusk, so he is informed as to the character of our people, and the nature of our country. The Tribune sincerely hopes the President will not send a moss covered New England man, whose only idea of Dakota is associated with some story of our five mile streak of bad lands, which for years was supposed to cover the greater portion of Dakota.

The court and its officers doubtless did their duty in the robbery cases. The findings and the sentence were in accord with the evidence and the law, but none could help admiring the blood shown by the two sentenced for life or despise the evil who planned the robbery, made crank his accomplices and then got them into his scheme and led them to their work by drawing his revolver on them and then turned informer. They got a life sentence and he one year. The court gave them an opportunity to plead to a lesser crime and receive a lesser sentence but they declined, insisting that they would take the consequences rather than plead to a crime of which they were not guilty.

The Fargo *Argus*, in urging the fitness of Wm. Windom for president should Grant not be chosen, says: "He is a representative western statesman; his career is an honor to his state and to his country; his record is spotless; to him attaches not the stain of credit mobilier corruption, nor the suspicion of having used office as means to illegitimately amass a vast private fortune; moreover he possesses in an eminent degree the education, culture and associations requisite and necessary to fit a man for the exalted station of chief magistrate of a great nation."

Emmon's official advice as county commissioner cost each saloon keeper in Burleigh county $40 for not paying their liquor license prior to January 1st, and said commissioner was himself fined $10 by his Honor, Judge Barnes, for giving such poor advice. Education not justice is what Emmons seems to be after. He didn't want the saloon men to pay their licenses according to law, but wanted them brought up before the grand jury, indicted, fined, etc., that the money might go to replenish the school fund, which is already being well taken care of.

The Dakota *Gazette* is the name of a five column quarto just established at Volga, Brookings county Dakota, published by Geo. W. Brown. Volga is situated on the Dakota extension of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, to which point the road was completed last November.

The North Pacific *Times* urges the name of L. W. Barnum, of Brooklyn, New York, for governor of Dakota. The Tribune is committed to Rogers but Mr. Barnum is a very excellent gentleman, is qualified and has large interests in Dakota. He is now in the territory opening a big farm at Sanborne, Barnes county.

The Cameron *Pioneer* has been enlarged to a six column folio, and otherwise improved.

Army Intelligence.

Lieut. English was in town yesterday.

Lieut. Walker left for Buford per steamer Butte.

Gen. Miles has left Washington for a brief visit to New York.

Ft. Snelling and St. Paul have been connected by telephone.

Adjt. Groesbeck returned from below this week and went to his post at Buford.

Lieut. James D. Mann, of the 17th Infantry, came up from Yates last Saturday.

Lieut. Burns, with ten recruits for "K" Co., 7th Cavalry, left Tuesday for Ft. Totten.

Thirty-two recruits left Lincoln Wednesday for Fort Meade to be assigned to the 7th Cavalry.

Lieut. J. D. Mann, 7th cavalry, arrived Saturday from an extended visit east, and left for Fort Meade.

Col. Lewis Merrill, major 7th cavalry, arrived from St. Paul Thursday en route to his post at Lincoln.

Lieut. Frisk Theis, Co. "F" 3d Infantry, arrived from leave the 16th and returns to his post at Fort Shaw, M. T.

A monument costing $25,000 is to be erected over the grave of the late Gen. James Shields at Carrollton, Mo.

Lieut. Gresham, of the 7th cavalry, came from Standing Rock on the Rosebud for a few days recreation in Bismarck.

The engagement of Lieut. Hugh L. Scott of the 7th Cavalry, to a daughter of Maj. Lewis Merrill, of the same regiment, is announced.

Capt. C. S. Roberts, Lieuts. Chenowith and Roach, registered at the Sheridan from Standing Rock en route to their new post at Sisseton.

Francis S. Pleasanton, son of Gen. A. J. Pleasanton, the distinguished cavalry officer, was married in Philadelphia April 15th to Miss Eugenie Thomas.

Maj. [illegible] in Carland, 6th infantry, and family left for the east Wednesday. Maj. Carland has a years leave, and will spend [illegible] in pursuit of health, and recreation in eastern cities.

Capt. Van Horn's company of the 17th Infantry, arrived Monday and left on Tuesday for Standing Rock, relieving Co. "I" of the 17th, Capt. Roberts, which goes to Ft. Sisseton in place of "A."

The *Army and Navy Register* of April 17, 1880, contains the following: "Col. Wm. Thompson, U. S. Army, formerly 7th cavalry, has been mentioned for appointment as governor of Dakota, to succeed the late Gov. Howard. Col. Thompson, who was a representative in congress from Iowa, before the late war, is now located at Bismarck, Dakota."

The following promotions have been announced; "Capt. Edward Ball, 2nd. Cavalry, to be major 7th, vice Reno, dismissed; 1st lieutenant M. E. O'Brien, 2d Cavalry, to be captain, vice Ball, promoted; 2d Lieut. F. W. Kingsbury, 2d cavalry, to be 1st lieutenant, vice O'Brien, promoted; 2d Lieut. H. H. Wright, to be 1st lieutenant, vice Loud, promoted.

Maj. Wm. Smith, of the pay department St. Paul, arrived Tuesday night accompanied by his clerk, Mr. Johnson, and will pay Fort Buford only, for which point he left by the Rosebud. Maj. Smith is a perfect gentleman and enjoys the esteem and friendship of the entire department. Maj. Smith, upon his return to St. Paul, will close his accounts and proceed to Washington, whither he had been ordered. The Tribune congratulates the major in securing so delightful a post.

THE DELEGATE QUESTION.

A Black Hills Correspondent on the Delegate Boom.

An esteemed Black Hills correspondent, in closing a letter forwarding matter for the illustrated edition of The Tribune, says: "The Raymond boom, which was such a thing of beauty, and of promise, has gone glimmering like an idle dream. Alas! it was but a dream, and we might our genial friend exclaim, "Why was I begun for, if I am so quickly done for." The boom, if it may be called such, originated among a few of our good political friends—and good fellows they are, too, the world has none better. * * * *

But promises are easy made, and the genial colonel might take a lesson from the historic personage who took the good man up into a high mountain. But in confidence, that old fellow must have felt mighty cheap, when the good man said, "Get behind me satan," and turned on his heel as much as to say, "You have nothing to give me." With a governor from Michigan, a U. S. attorney from Louisiana, a U. S. marshal from Mississippi, the register of a land office from Nebraska, and receiver from Washington, (I refer to Deadwood office now) and nearly every other officer imported, how is it possible for a delegate to give every man an office who wants one. Our friends here say that Judge Bennett is not a politician. I for one am most heartily glad of it. We have had enough of them. Judge Bennett is of the people and for the people. He makes few promises, and those he does make he fulfills if possible. * * *

* * Judge Bennett is a man of ripe scholarship, a sound jurist, of good presence and commands the respect of our people, and no man from this territory has ever done so much for his constituents during the first term of his office as has Judge Bennett, although our population has doubled during the past two years, and the wants of our people has kept pace with it. Our friend Raymond is a good boy, a fair politician, but will any one tell me what his qualifications are for the position of delegate to represent the vast and varied interests of this empire of Dakota in congress that he should be preferred to Bennett? Can you give me the name of any newspaper of high or low degree in the territory that is out and out for Raymond? Do you know of any man in the territory of broad, liberal comprehensive views of men and measures, who thinks Brother Raymond is the best man we have to give us character and tone and influence in the national council? I have faith in the intelligence of our people and I am certain that Judge Granville G. Bennett will be returned to congress by a much larger majority than he had two years ago. This while I only have the kindest feelings and friendship for our genial friend Raymond.

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MISCELLANEOUS

DAKOTA.

A copy of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, (special and illustrated edition) containing full information in relation to the public and railroad lands of Dakota, the Black Hills mining interests, and the grazing lands of the Yellowstone sent on receipt of three 3 cent stamps. This issue will be published about April 20th.
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Black, White and Colored Gros Grain Silks; Black, White and Colored Marceline Silks; Black White and Colored Foulard Silks; also same variety of Satins, Fancy Twilled and Striped Silks; Striped and Fancy Gauzes; Grenadines, Plushes, and all new styles.

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Black English Crapes, in all widths and qualities. A splendid stock of Black Dress Fabrics, including Black Armures, Shoodah Cloths and the best Cashmeres in the market. Our immense stock of

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[illegible] VALLEY

AS SEEN BY THE TRIBUNE'S REPORTER

One of the Finest Valleys in the Country—A Sinking Stream, Which Appears on the Surface Only In Occasional Spots.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

KNIFE RIVER.

ON THE WING, April 10.—In my last sketch I left you at the mouth of Knife river. There are, perhaps, few of THE TRIBUNE'S readers who have any idea of the country along this stream, and thus these few lines may serve as an introduction. Beginning at the mouth of Knife river, nature seems to have been more liberal with her gifts of value. Here the land is of a better quality and the water is excellent. It is doubtful if a prettier or more desirable stretch of land can be found anywhere than that which lines this river. The valley varies in width, ranging from one and one-half miles to five miles. The soil is a rich black loam and will average five feet thick, covered with the finest growth of grass that it has ever been your correspondent's fortune to see. There is nature's meadow extending for one hundred miles along this stream. The grass is of the variety known as blue joint, and better for stock than the best of timothy. The table lands are all set with the famous of [illegible] grass found in Montana. Stock will do well here the year through without being fed at all. Notwithstanding the severity of the past winter we have a band of cattle that have wintered on the commons, and have seen cattle in Kansas and those wintered in winter that did not look so well as those which have "wintered on the commons."

THE TABLE LANDS

are not so broken on the north side of the river. The bluffs are not so precipitous, but a beautiful upland or plain extending as far as the eye can reach and almost every foot of it is susceptible of cultivation. [illegible] subject to overflow, as is that on the other river, neither are they subject to drouth, being watered by innumerable springs at the base of the high towering these table lands. Along the river we find a fine growth of timber at various intervals. This timber is different from the Missouri river timber, ash and elm predominating. Along the creeks emptying into Knife river we find barr oak in the greatest profusion. As you ascend Knife river the first tributary found comes in from the north, which is known as Antelope creek, this is a large stream and is skirted on either side with a fine growth of burr oak. It flows through a fine valley varying from one to two miles in width and empties into the river about eight miles from the Missouri. We next come to Otter creek, emptying in the Knife from the south.

A BEAUTIFUL STREAM

and a valley second to none. This is about thirty miles from the Missouri. Next up the valley is Sinking creek coming in from the north. This is certainly one of the most curious streams to be found. Producing a large "flow of water" it shows on the surface for a few hundred yards and then sinks under the ground, to appear a few hundred yards below apparently increased in volume. In many places where it flows on the surface the bottom of the stream is paved and the sides walled as nicely as though it had received the handiwork of a good stone mason. About half a mile from where it empties into the river there is a round hole probably fifty feet deep walled up with rock as nicely as a well. This hole is full of water and it

NEVER FREEZES OVER IN WINTER.

It is indeed a very peculiar country. I would not be surprised if some day rich strikes of ore would be discovered here. We next come to Causey's fork of Knife river, flowing from the north. Here is a very beautiful country, the valley being about twenty miles long and about six miles wide. It is nearly as level as a floor. This creek has a large flow of water with high banks producing power enough to run a mill of eight or ten run of burrs the entire year. There is a fortune in store here for some one. On this creek is a mound or hill situated almost in the center of the beautiful valley, rising up probably 300 feet above the level with sides so steep that it is difficult to ascend. It is about three miles in circumference at the base and one and one-half miles on the top, capped with a flat stone similar to table rock. From this elevation can be seen Square Butte, 100 miles away, Fort Stevenson and Berthold, and Young Man's Butte, on the extension. VOX.

LETTER-LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for in Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending April 23, 1880:—

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, Chas J	Kesler, F H
Blunt, C W	Lesk, Thos
Boyd, Bozzilla	Mitchell, Chas
Bolium, George	Murphy, Howard
Bellows, J H	Montgomery, James
Burrett, John	McConnell, Leroy
Ballentine, Robt 2	McKean Wm
Caveny, Adolph	Neal, James
Chapman, H B	O'Brien, Robt
Drew, Fred S	Pasford, Wm
Derby, Peter	Robinson, H W
Eastwood, George	Renslow, Hibbard
Eastwood, John	Smith, Andrew
Fogenstrom, Gustaff	Stockwell, Geo
Fox, G H	Sheller, John P
Flynn, James	Sant, Paul
Gullison, A	Simons, Peter
Greck, J W	Schell, P G
Gouen, P H	Swift, S C
Hide, Fred	Troland, Thos
Hoak, Geo D	Woods, G C
Hoyt, James C, 2	Way, Geo A
Hill, James	Walters, I C
Hammond, John J, 2	Wysong, O
Hay, Thos R	

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mrs J	Stewart, Miss Mary
Fuller, Miss Blanch	Thompson, Betsy

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "advertised."

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

[illegible]

From Niagara county, New York there comes a letter to the editor of THE TRIBUNE with these simple words: "I write to send you one dollar to recompense you for an umbrella which I took from your office ten years ago when [illegible] We[illegible], Minn., between two days. I knew I was stealing when I took it and am surprised that I have not restored it [illegible] before when I consider the crime I committed not only against God but one who always treated me kindly."

Baby Mine Coal.

The following letter was recently received from Washington:

DEPARTMENT AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1880.

Hon. Wm. G. Le Duc. Commissioner:

SIR—An examination of the specimen of Lignite received from Mr. C. W. Thompson, Bismarck, D. T., from the "Baby Mine" gives the following results;

Moisture	17.18
Ash (Light Grey)	4.67
Bituminous Matter	56.50
Coke	21.02
	100.00

Total sulphur in coal .... 1.17 per cent.
do do in ash .... .24 " "

Respectfully,
PETER COLLIER, Chemist.

The Great Illustrated.

The engraving is so far along that the publication of the great illustrated edition of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE may be safely promised for April 30th. Among the engravings will be a fine perspective view of the new Burleigh county court house, said to be the finest building by all odds in the territory.

400 BUSHELS OF POTATOES
For Sale Cheap.
Enquire of W. A. HOLLEMBAEK. 46tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOUIS LARSON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Custom Boots and Shoes.
The Most Fashionable Shop in the West.
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to
NO. 8 NORTH THIRD ST.,
BISMARCK, D. T.

LAND NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., April 7th, 1880.—Complaint having been entered at this office by Hugh McGuire against Wm. B. Winston for abandoning his timber culture entry No. 28, dated October 10, 1877, upon the north east quarter of section 10, township 139, range 80, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of May, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

AUSTIN LOGAN,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
and
BAKERY.
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 15tf

RESTAURANT

1873 1880
Forster's Restaurant
(Established May, 1873.)
The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.
Board by the day or week.
Meals at all hours.

LEGAL.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, made and executed by Patrick H. Byrne and Catherine Byrne his wife, morgagors, to M. P. Slattery, morgagee, bearing date the 7th day of February, A. D. 1879, whereby the said morgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto to the said mortgagee, his heirs and assigns forever, the following described land and real estate, situate, lying and being in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: the north half of the south east quarter of Section number two, (2) in Township number one hundred and thirty-eight, (138) of Range number eighty, (80) West, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and ninety dollars, ($390.), according to the condition of a certain promissory note bearing even date with said mortgage, due one year from date with interest at twelve (12) per cent. per annum until paid, and given by the said Patrick Byrne to the said M. P. Slattery; which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, on the 22nd day of March, 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Book "B" of Mortgages on page "115." *And Whereas* there is claimed to be due on said Note and Mortgage at the date of this notice, for principal and interest the sum of four hundred thirty-nine dollars and seventy-nine cents ($439.79) and the sum of thirty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in the case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgage premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh county, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the City Hall in the City of Bismarck, the place where the District court of said County was last held. Said sale to be on the 24th day of April, 1880, at 2 o clock P. M., of that day, to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said Note and Mortgage together with the sum of thirty dollars attorneys fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated March 11th, 1880.

M. P. SLATTERY, Mortgagee.
FLANNERY & WITHERBY, Attorneys for Mortgagee. 42-48

HIDES

GEO. OBERNE, Chicago. Established 1868. H. M. HOSICK, Des Moines.
CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.
CASH PAID FOR
Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.
Oberne, Hosick & Co.,
BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA
Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Houses:
Omaha, 95, & 97 Harney St. Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St. Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter. 17th St. Ottumwa, Iowa, 20 Main St. Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts. Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St. Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St. Pueblo, Colorado. Bismarck, Dakota.

MEAT MARKET

MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets,
JOHN [illegible] & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,
POULTRY, GAME,
Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and
Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade. 10tf

HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY. P. F. MALLOY.
WESTERN HOUSE
MALLOY BROS., Prop.
BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA
The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

Proposals for Fresh Beef.

OFFICE CHIEF C. S. DEPT. OF DAKOTA.
ST. PAUL, MINN., April 20, 1880.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office, and at the office of the Commissary of Subsistence at Yankton until 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1880, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders, for furnishing such quantities of Fresh beef from the block as may be required by the Subsistence Department U. S. Army, at Forts Buford, A. Lincoln, Meade, Yates, Bennett, Sully, Randall, Pembina, and Totten, D. T., during the fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1880.

Proposals will be received up to, and opened, at the same hour at the several posts by the respective Commissaries of such posts, each post Commissary receiving proposals for his own post, only.

It is expressly understood that the contracts made under this advertisement, shall not be construed to involve the United States in any obligation for payment in excess of the appropriation granted by Congress for the purpose.

Blank Proposals, and printed circulars giving detailed information as to the quality of beef, manner of bidding, conditions to be observed by bidders, etc., may be obtained on application to the undersigned, to the Commissary of Subsistence at Yankton, or to the Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence at any of the posts.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Fresh Beef" at Fort (here insert the name of the post) and addressed to the undersigned to Capt. W. A. Elderkin, C. S., U. S. A., Yankton, D. T., or to the A. C. S. at the post bid for.

M. R. MORGAN,
Major and C. S., U. S. A.

BANK

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BISMARCK,
Bismarck, - - Dakota.
Paid up Capital $50,000
DIRECTORS:
WALTER MANN, G H FAIRCHILD.
H R PORTER, ASA FISHER,
DAN EISENBERG.
CORRESPONDENTS:
American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.
First National Bank, Chicago,
Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.
Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.
Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamboats.

LAUNDRY

WESTERN LAUNDRY,
No. 21, Fourth St.
I have opened a first class Laundry at the above named place, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored.
Ladie's and Gents' Fine Clothes a Specialty.
Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part of the city.
FRANK HOBERT.

JEWELERS

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

Day & Platts,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS.
Also dealers in all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES.

LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
Dealers in
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.
Doors, Sash and Mouldings.
Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of
Buildings, Plans and Specifications.
Estimates furnished on short notice.

TAILORING

MERCHANT TAILORING.
GOULD & DAHL.
We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine
IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS
AND PANTS GOODS.
Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.
Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by leaving your orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.
GOULD & DAHL.

LIVERY STABLE

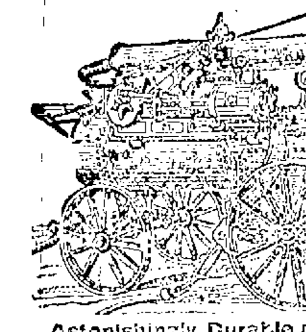
SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable.
First-Class in Every Respect.
[illegible]
Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.
Office at the Sheridan House.
STOYELL & LAIB, Proprietors

WALTER MANN, Pres't., G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r,
St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

[illegible] & [illegible],
Wholesale
Grocers.
Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Ramsey's Ale and Porter
No 64 Main St., BISMARCK, D. T.

MACHINERY.



NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO. Battle Creek, Mich.
Established in 1848.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
Threshing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.
THE STANDARD of excellence *throughout the Grain-Raising World.*
MATCHLESS for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, *Rapid and Thorough Work.*
INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, *Perfection* of Parts, *Thorough* Workmanship, *Elegant* Finish, and *Beauty* of Model.
MARVELOUS for *vastly superior* work in *all kinds* of Grain, and *universally* known as the only successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Clover, and all other Seeds.
Astonishingly Durable and *wonderfully simple*, using less than half the usual gears and belts.
PORTABLE, TRACTION, and STRAW-BURNING STEAM-ENGINES, with special features of Power, Durability, Safety, Economy, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steam-Power Outfits and Steam-Power Separators a specialty. Four sizes of Separators, from six to twelve horse power; also two styles Improved Mounted Horse Powers.
Thirty-Two Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, location, or management, furnishes a strong guarantee for superior goods and honorable dealing.
CAUTION! The wonderful success and popularity of our Vibrator Machinery has driven other machines to the wall; hence various makers are now attempting to build and palm off inferior and mongrel imitations of our famous goods.
BE NOT DECEIVED
by such experimental and worthless machinery. If you buy at all, get the "Original" and the "Genuine" from us.
For full particulars call on our dealers, or write to us for Illustrated Circulars, which we mail free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC

JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN
Clothing, Boots and Shoes.
FURNISHING GOODS,
Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.
GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Main Street, - - - Bismarck, D. T.
New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves 20tf

STAGE LINES

Bismarck and Ft. Buford
STAGE AND EXPRESS
AND
U. S. MAIL.
Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m., making the full trip in five days.
Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.
For express freigth or passage apply to
JOHN LEASURE,
Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to
LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

SAMPLE ROOMS

ELDER & CO.,
Proprietors
Pacific Saloon.
Cor. 4th and Main Streets.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys. 26tf

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.
Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

CAPITOL SALOON,
No. 62, Main Street,
Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.
—o—
Best Stocked Bar in the City.
—o—
All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables, etc. Pleasantest place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night.
GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

MEDICAL.

DR. FELLER'S
Private
MEDICAL DISPENSARY,
Anderson Street, Saint Paul Minnesota,
Four doors from Merchant's Hotel,
Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.
NO CURE, NO PAY
Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, are CURED FOR LIFE.
Young, Middle Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Sexual Powers, as the result of self abuse in youth or excesses of mature years, producing emissions, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, despondency, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time, where all others have failed, by Dr. F.
The doctor is a regular graduate, of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies have been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence strictly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1:30 to 8 p. m. Sundays except[ed].

Galen Medical Institute.
45 EAST THIRD ST
SAINT PAUL MINN.

Established 1861, for the cure of Private, Nervous, and Chronic Diseases including Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, &c.
The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases—are regular graduates—and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken and may be consulted personally or by letter.
No Fee Till Cured.
Sufferers from any of these ailments, before consulting others should understand their diseases and the latest improved Treatment adopted at our institute, by reading our books.
THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above diseases, with the anatomy and physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing 300 pages and over 100 plates and engravings, sent on receipt of fifty cents or stamps.
A Private Medical Pamphlet of 82 pages and Chart of Questions for sifting case sent free.
All business strictly confidential. Office hours 8 a m to 8 p m. Sunday excepted.
Address as above.

MILLINERY

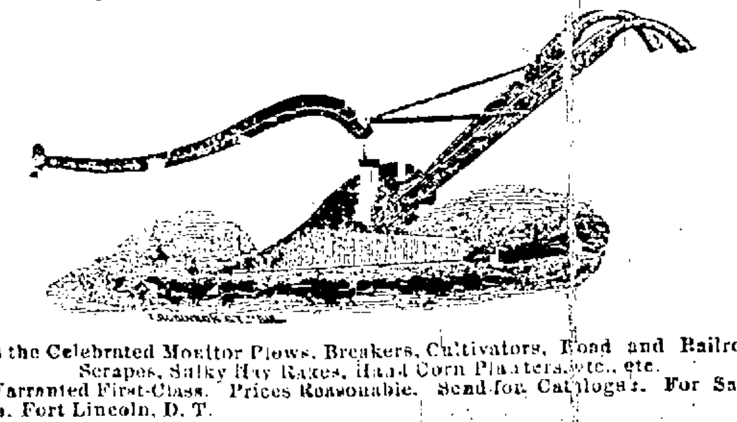
MRS. J. W. PROCTOR,
DRESSMAKING & MILLINERY,
East Main Street,
FIRST CLASS [illegible]

SECRET SOCIETY UNIFORMS.

ESTABLISHED 1815.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Manufacturers of Military, Society Regalia, and Theatrical Goods, Band Equipments, etc., etc.,
Knight Templar Uniforms,
Flags, Banners and Bunting.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,
Catalogue sent on Application. Fifth & Cherry Sts., Phila.

PLOWS.

MONITOR
PLOW WORKS,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
ESTABLISHED IN 1860.



Manufactures the Celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Road and Railroad Plows, Scrapes, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, etc., etc.
All goods Warranted First-Class. Prices Reasonable. Send for Catalogue. For Sale By Wm. Harmon & Co. Fort Lincoln, D. T.

SHIRTS.

TAKE NOTICE.
Shirts. Shirts. Shirts.
Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I now [illegible] sons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure [illegible] guarantee a perfect fit to all [illegible] material used. Shirts turned out on short notice for from $1.75 up.
Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.
[illegible]

Imperfect Page

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LESSON OF THE PAPER MILL.

Once a Queen—so runs my story—
Seeking far for some thing new,
Found it in a mill, where strangely,
Naught but rags rebated her view.

Rags from out the very gutters,
Rags of every shape and hue;
While the squalid children picking,
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

"What then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with things so vile?"
"Mould them into perfect whiteness,"
Said the master with a smile.

"Whiteness," quoth the Queen, half doubting;
"But these reddest crimson dyes,
Surely naught can never whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"

"Yes," said he, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still I have the power to make them
Like the snowflake in its fall."

(Through my heart the words so simple,
Throbbed with echo, in and out,
Crimson, scarlet, white as snowflakes!
Can this man?—and can God not?—)

Now upon a day thereafter,
(Thus the tale went on at will)
To the Queen there came a present
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture,
Lay the paper purest white,
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
'Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Chirurgeon can gather
Vilest hearts from land or sea.

In some heavenly Alembic,
Snowy white from crimson bring,
Stamp His name on each and bear them
To the palace of the King."

THE BROKEN BOAT.

BY AVIENNE

"It is too bad," said Alice Ford, with a quiver of her scarlet lower lip.

It is what might be expected," said Mrs. Ford, sitting serenely at the breakfast table, "when a girl will flirt with two gentlemen at once."

"But I haven't flirted," said Alice, ready to cry.

"I don't know what else you can call it," said Mrs. Ford. "Will you have another cup of tea, Alice?"

"Tea!" asked out the girl; "as if one could drink tea when one's heart is breaking. Oh, Aunt, if Mr. Errett were a gentleman he would release me from this galling engagement."

"You promised him, my dear?" said Mrs. Ford.

Yes, but I hadn't met Arthur Kenham then, and I have written to Mr. Errett, and implored him to release me from this hateful bond," cried poor Alice. "I have told him that since our engagement—an engagement that was your doing, aunt—"

"I know it," said Mrs. Ford, "and I am proud of it."

"That since that engagement," went on Alice, "I have discovered that my heart is not my own, and he has written back that he sees no necessity for altering the original state of things, and that it is agreeable to me—agreeable indeed!—the wedding may still take place on the 6th of October. Horrible, cold hearted, calculating old—"

"Good-morning, ladies, I hope I see you well!"

And Alice's tirade was unexpectedly cut short by the apparition of Mr. Bartholomew Errett. She had scarcely uttered a displeased word or two of greeting when the maid opened an opposite door and announced

"Please, Miss Alice, Mr. Kenham."

And Arthur Kenham came in, young, handsome and *debonnair* as unlike his mature rival as is blooming May to ripened September. Mr. Errett put up his eye-glass at Arthur Kenham, and Arthur Kenham stared Mr. Errett full in the face with well-bred amazement.

Sir," said Mr. Errett, "I am at a loss to imagine what brings you here "

"Sir," retorted Kenham, "I suppose I have as good a right to visit my friends as you have to call on yours "

You mistake," said Mr. Errett; "I am engaged to Miss Ford."

"Do you mean to say," retorted Kenham, hotly, "that you would marry the girl against her will? Why you might as well be a Turkish slave-driver at once "

"Sir, gasped Bartholomew Errett, turning a livid pallor, "I am at a loss to conceive what business all this is of yours!"

Alice stepped between them

"You shall not quarrel about me," said she, with a dignity that would scarcely have been expected from one so small and slight. "Arthur, I have carved out my own destiny and must abide by it. "Mr. Errett, I beg you to remember that you are before ladies "

"Am I to stand here and see you insulted?" demanded Kenham, with flushed brow

"I have promised to be his wife and until he himself absolves me from my word, I have no power to assert my freedom."

"Do you then bid me to go?"

"Yes," the girl answered a most inaudibly.

And Arthur Kenham turned and left the field in triumphant possession of Mr. Bartholomew Errett.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Errett "

"Eh!" said the middle-aged swimmer; "is it you, Kenham? Boating, eh?"

"Yes. Do you think it's quite safe for you to be here, so far from land? You are not afraid of the sharks, then?"

"O—the—what?" said Mr. Errett.

"Haven't you heard? There has been a shark along this shore since yesterday; and, by Jingo I believe he is there now. Don't you see something that shines white through the spray "

Mr Errett reared himself up in the water like a new species of sea-serpent.

"Good Heavens " said he, "there is something like a shark there. Why didn't they tell me? Why did they allow me—"

"I wouldn't be nervous," said Kenham, coolly "Perhaps he don't see you."

"See me! Why, those fellows can scent human flesh a mile off I should have been a dead man in ten minutes if you hadn't come along."

And he began to paddle ingloriously toward the little boat in which Arthur Kenham was sitting.

"Hallo!" said Kenham, putting an oar's length between himself and the swimmer, "what are you about?"

"I'm going to get into your boat, to be sure."

"Are you, though " said Kenham; "there may be two opinions concerning that,"

"Eh!"

"What should I take you back to land for?" demanded Kenham; "if the sharks eat you up I am all right with Alice."

"Man alive!" gasped Mr. Errett, "you wouldn't leave me to die a horrible death, would you?"

"I remember," coolly remarked Arthur Kenham, "you hadn't much mercy on me."

"That was different."

"I don't see how," with another stroke of the oars, just as Errett was about to clutch at the side of the boat.

"Don't hurry—now don't."

"I say, Kenham, look here," cried Errett, with a scared glance over his right shoulder towards the suspicious looking white object. "Go on, I say."

"Well," said Kenham.

"I—I ain't so very particular about that girl. Go on."

He was beginning to lose breath in the battle with the waves, and said.

"If you really insist—"

"Oh, I don't insist. I don't care to peril Mrs. Ford's fortune by getting Alice into disgrace with her. I must have a voluntary cession of your rights or none at all."

"It—it shall be voluntary," cried Mr. Errett, with chattering teeth. "Tell the old lady I've changed my mind. I'll make any statement you wish, only save my life."

"I have your word of honor?" said Kenham.

"My word of honor," said Errett.

"Jump in, then."

And Bartholomew Errett scrambled, more dead than alive, into the other's boat, and was pulled to the shore.

"I'll just leave you here on the beach till your man comes," said Kenham, laughing at Mr. Errett's doleful appearance. "I see his boat now rounding the point. Good afternoon, I sincerely hope you will take no cold."

When Philip Gaul pulled up on the shingly sand his employer hailed him with opprobrious epithets.

"You villain " cried Errett, "why didn't you tell me of the shark?"

"Of the what, master?" demanded old Gaul, scratching his grizzled head.

"Of the shark; you can see him now when the sun strikes the point. Good heavens! to think of the great peril I have run "

"Look, master," said Gaul, his hard features relaxing in to a grin; "that ain't no shark. That's Boon's broken boat, stranded there on a bit of reef. I could show it to you plain if I only had my spy-glass."

Mr. Errett's lower jaw fell.

"Are you sure?" said he.

"Quite sure, master. I seen it as I come by this morning. Sharks, indeed There ain't never no sharks about here "

Mr. Errett resumed his garments in silence, feeling that he had been outgeneraled by his enterprising rival.

"But after all," said he to himself, "if the girl don't like me—Gaul, look here. How much do I owe you?—because I shall not need your boat any more."

"Going away from here?" asked the astounded sailor.

"Yes," was the reply.

And so Mr. Errett left the coast clear for Arthur Kenham, to Alice's infinite delight.

"Wasn't it good of him, dear?" said she to her lover.

"Very," said Arthur.

But he kept his own counsel about the shark and how he had out-generaled Bartholomew Errett.

Bet His Hand.

The Franklin (Mass) *Register* tells this little story: A few evenings since a party was given at the house of one of our prominent citizens. One of the guests was a most charming and accomplished lady, who had worn the weeds of widowhood two years; another was a gentleman but recently come to our town—a native of Hartford, Conn. The amusements of the evening were varied and thoroughly enjoyable; but the chief attraction proved by a delightful event to be the game of bassino. Several had tried their skill at the board, with varied fortunes, when the gentleman and the lady referred to approached the table, and the gentleman suggested to his partner that they should try their skill at the pins. The challenge was accepted, and the lady proposed that they play for a wager. The gentleman gallantly assented, and asked her to name the stake. Seeing her confusion the host jokingly said:

"His hand against yours "

The lady demurred and was turning to leave the table, when the gentleman, after a moment's thought, said:

"My hand for yours, if I win, or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability (her consent being first obtained) if I lose."

A proposition so gallant the lady could not resist, for the gentleman was a prize whoever might win him. Excitement now ran high—all other amusements being suspended as the company gathered around the bassino board. The lady was reputed skillful with the mace, but the gentleman knew nothing about the game, yet possessed an admirable coolness, which was a most an offset for inexperience. The lady led off, getting a "king strike," and the gentleman followed, missing little bassino, and making a "muff," with the third ball. A laughing sensation was indulged in when the score for the first play was announced—"lady, 45 and a bassino spare; gentleman, *minus* 18." Nothing daunted, S——continued the play followed with equal spirit by the fair antagonist, after the seventh play, when the score stood—"gentleman, 215, lady, 164." The excitement among the guests was now intense, and the lady flushed and trembling, played very badly her last three plays, losing heavily. At the close of the tenth and last play the score stood—"lady, 238, gentleman 385," —said to be the best score ever made in town. A decorous applause followed the announcement; and the lady covered with confusion, scarce had presence of mind enough to acknowledge the low bow of S——, who murmured a few sentences expressive of joy. The hostess now advanced, took the feebly-resisting hand of the fair widow, and placed it in that of the winning gentleman. And we hear that the after ceremony is to be repeated with more solemnity, some few months hence, due notice of which will be published in the *Register*. The mace used, S—— begged of his host, saying that he would treasure it carefully, for a perpetual reminder of that happy evening.

Why a Chicago Editor Changed His Quarters.

At the outset of this enterprise, and before we got comfortably settled in our present cozy office, the editor of this paper hired desk room from a young business man, who is occupied in a similar pursuit. One afternoon, the day after publication, we noticed on entering the office that our young friend, who is of slender build, was applying a piece of raw beefsteak to his left eye, while a surgeon was doing up a wound on the top of his head.

"What's been the matter?" we inquired innocently, pulling off our gloves and preparing for work; "had a fall?"

No reply was made to this polite inquiry, but a little while after we were interrupted in the middle of a pungent paragraph with the remark, "See here "

Looking in the direction of the voice we saw the young man in a fearfully exhausted condition, and evidently suffering extreme pain from bruises all over his frame.

"See here," he said in a feeble voice, "I've stood this long enough. I can't stand it any longer. There's the amount you paid me in advance for your desk room, and I am willing to double it if you will promise me to clear out of this office."

"This is a very extraordinary request to make," said we, "and it seems to imply——"

"Never mind what it implies," said he, "I mean to imply that this sort of thing has got to be stopped. There have been three men in here, one after another, within an hour. The first man that came in never stopped to ask a question, but took me by the throat and shook me around as if I had been a rat. I thought all my bones were rattled out of my skin. He went away swearing. About ten minutes after another man came in with a big cane in his fist. He struck me a blow over the head, just where you see this plaster, and felled me to the floor. That was the last I saw of him. I sent for the doctor here, and he began to dress the wound, when a third party came in and asked for the editor of the *Free Lance*. I told him I didn't know anything about the *Free Lance*."

"'You are a liar,' he said, 'a mean, contemptible editor, and you needn't try to prevaricate. Take that.'

"That meant a sounding blow on the left eye which sent me reeling away to the other end of the room.

"Now, see here," said our young friend, "I ask you for the love of God to go somewhere else, and I will pay you a good bonus. There is a man with a gunpowder patent wants to hire that desk room of yours, and I'd rather let him have it. I'll take my chances on him."

The above conversation explains itself and accounts for the removal of our editorial department to a more convenient location.—*Chicago Free Lance.*

Finding Drowned People.

"An Old Folk-Lorist" writes: The remarkable incident of the discovery of the body of a child drowned in the river Kennet, at Newbury, in 1767, by means of a two-penny loaf with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was quoted by one of your contemporaries some twenty years ago, and then elicited many curious proofs of the existence of similar practices with analogous successful results, and with—what is not always the case—a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Sir James Alexander, in his account of Canada, after stating that the Indians believe that a drowned body may be discovered by floating a piece of cedar wood, which will stop and turn round over the exact spot, mentions an instance which occurred within his own knowledge, where the body of a person who was drowned by the oversetting of his boat near Cedar island "could not be discovered until this experiment was resorted to."

But something more remarkable was stated by an eminent clergyman, happily still living who mentioned that, many years before, a boy who had lately come to Eton imprudently bathed in the Thames where it flows with great rapidity under "the playing fields," and was carried out of his depth and drowned. All efforts to recover the body failed till one of the masters threw a cricket-bat into the stream, which floated to a spot where it turned round in an eddy in a deep hole, under which the body was found. There were, I think, other instances, but these elicited from some intelligent correspondents the simple and natural explanation of the phenomenon. There are in a running streams deep pools formed by eddies, in which drowned bodies are likely to be caught and retained. Any light substance thrown into the stream would naturally be drawn to the surface of the river over the center of the eddy-hole.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

That "Jokin" Miller Book.

A rural gentleman, with a head like a juvenile straw-stack, surmounted by an ancient slouch hat, ambled into a Cleveland book-store, and, approaching a clerk, smiled and inquired: "I say, young feller, what's the price of that air Jokin Miller book that I seen in yer front winder?" The clerk produced a copy of Joaquin Miller's poems, and replied, "One dollar and a half, sir." "All right," said the knight of the slouched hat; "let's have a look at him." He took the book and commenced turning it over. "I ain't seen this book for a good many years, but I tell you I kin well remember the side-splittin's in it. Cy Huggins used to read 'em loud to us fellows at the corner store. Dollar'n a half, you say. I'll take it. But hold on, stranger, this here looks some like po'try." The astonished clerk replied: "Why, it is poetry; these are the poems of Joaquin Miller." "Wall, in Miller," ejaculated the ruralist; "who in thunder is he? Ain't this Jokin Miller's book—old Jo Miller's—the funny man's, eh? No? Well, great snakes, then I don't want it. What could I do with a lot of po'try trash—git out. I think I see myself a reading it " and he stalked moodily out.

WHEN you get ready to draw up your will, the following, which is the usual form, will be found of use: "In the name of God. Amen I, A. B., of the town of ——, in the county of —— and State of ——, of the age of — years, and being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say: 1. I give and bequeath to my wife, E. B., etc. 2. I give and devise to my son, C. B., etc. 3. I give and devise the rest, residue and remainder, etc., etc. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this — day of ——, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ——. A. B. [L. S.]" All wills (except those of personal property to the value of $500) must be in writing, witnessed by two competent witnesses, and signed by the testator, or by some person in his presence, and by his express direction.

THE superstition of the horseshoe is thus explained: It was a very ancient custom to "protect" dwellings, temples and shops by an image of the patron saint. The "glory" around the painted or carved head of the figure was represented by a bright metal halo, called a moniscus. This resembled a horseshoe, and often remained after the image had faded or become broken. Hence a piece of metal of this shape became associated in the common mind with supernatural presence and care, and was often nailed to the sides or over the portals of the door or gateway. A horseshoe worn to brightness became a very good substitute for the metal moniscus sold in the shops, and was often adopted as an invocation of saintly protection.

WEDDING celebrations: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, gold; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

A COLORED man at Paw Paw, Mich., has a breath with which he can set paper or cotton on fire. He must have been raised in Kentucky, or some other district where bourbon is cheap.

CATARRH

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER.—Sirs: I have been a practising physician for twenty years and have been a sufferer . . . for two years with Catarrh in the nasal passages, fauces and larynx. I have used everything in the *materia medica* without any permanent relief, until finally I was induced to try a patent medicine (something that we allopathists are very loth to do). I tried . . . and divers others till I got hold of yours. I followed the directions to the letter and am happy to say have had a permanent cure. Your RADICAL CURE is certainly a happy combination for the cure of that most unpleasant and dangerous of diseases.

Yours, respectfully,
D W GRAY, M D
Of Dr D W Gray & Son, Physicians and Druggists, Muscatine, Iowa
MUSCATINE, IOWA, March 27, 1877

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SYMPATHETIC DISEASES

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It is but three years since SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE was placed before the public but in that short time it has found its way from Maine to California and is everywhere acknowledged by druggists and physicians to be the most successful preparation for the thorough treatment of Catarrh ever compounded. The fact will be deemed of more importance when it is coupled with the statement that within five years over 250 different remedies for Catarrh have been placed on sale, and to-day with one or two exceptions their names cannot be recalled by the best informed druggist. Advertising may succeed in forcing a few sales but unless the remedy possess undoubted specific medical properties it is almost certain to fall into merited obscurity.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for its use in all cases. Price $1.00. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips, and tops, and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair.
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away.
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to night
For the slow return of faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest—
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babes that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with the streets of gold;
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow, and sin, and war,
And I thank my God with falling tears
For the things in the bottom drawer.

WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

A True and Romantic Incident of the Late Civil War.

[J. W. Avery, Colonel Fourth Georgia Cavalry, Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In the domain of fiction the use of a startling dramatic malediction is a favorite artifice of dramatic effect. Upon the stage, that scene of simulated passion, we find it used with impressive influence. In the realm of the real, history recalls no well-authenticated instance of a realized curse. The following is a literal case that occurred during the war, under the personal knowledge of the writer, and has been the theme of much speculation. Whether it was a mere coincidence, happening without real connection, or whether it was one of those mysterious matters of inexplicable romance that break the current of staid prosaic facts, must ever remain an unsolved problem. I will vouch for the details alone. The reader must exercise his own judgement upon them:

OLD AUNT RACHEL STONE.

The incident began in the early part of 1863. The writer commanded a regiment of Georgia cavalry. Most of the members of this regiment came from Winnfield and the adjoining counties in the northern part of the State of Georgia. Among the soldiers was a young named Stone, who enlisted in the company raised in Murray county by Capt. Reuben Keith. The mother of young Stone was a very notable character. She was called Old Aunt Rachel Stone. Her husband was dead and she was still a widow supporting her family on a small farm. She was a woman of marked and peculiar appearance, a very large, erect, masculine creature, with the frame, muscles and stride of a man. She was over six feet high, broad shouldered, massive, brawny, of immense physical vigor and strength, performing manual labor on her farm with the power and readiness of a man, ploughing, splitting rails and such other work requiring force and endurance. She had a face, clear, open, decided, of remarkably positive expression, large, bright blue eye, of piercing penetration, a nose of character, a broad thin-lipped mouth, firm set, a conformation of law, but of will and power. A broad high brow, and unkempt blonde hair that was often hanging loosely on her shoulders and which, when so fluttering around her expressive countenance and heavy frame, gave an effective individuality to her appearance. The most impressive thing at least about her was her manner of talking. She had a deep, clear voice, and an oracular way of uttering her words that were singularly forcible. She spoke with a deliberation of precision, a measured emphasis and a ringing earnestness that always held the attention. She was naturally oratorical in her manner and utterances. A public speaker might have learned something from her. She expressed herself with unstudied directness and a sort of dramatic flavor that lost nothing from the fact that it was couched in rude words and uncultured idiom. There was always, also, an originality in her opinions and expressions that interested a hearer. Her mind was bold and independent, though uneducated, and her intelligence strong and picturesque, though untrained.

She took her toddy at times, and even exceeded a prudent ration of spirits on extra occasions. But there was never anything against her chastity, and she prided herself very much upon her unblemished character. Said she once to the writer in her peculiar manner, with an added ring to her earnest voice, and leaving with her oracular emphasis upon each distinct syllable.

"Mebbe you think I am a drab. But I ain't! I am one of Jeff Davis' daughters."

She prided herself very much upon being a good, worthy subject of the confederacy, which she habitually epitomized under the name of "Jeff Davis." Take her altogether, with her strong sense, her original intelligence, her decisive methods, her keen penetration, her impressive expressions, her shrewd observation of public matters, and her rough, but picturesque individuality, and she was a very remarkable character, and to me a study of considerable interest.

CAPT. REUBEN KEITH.

The other leading character in this uncommon and tragical affair was Capt. Reuben Keith, one of the best officers in my regiment. He was a well-to-do, well-educated farmer of Murray county, aged somewhere between thirty-five and forty, a man of high character and standing. He was a conservative, straightforward, practical citizen and soldier, universally respected, his judgment deliberate, decided, methodical, carrying great weight and influence. His appearance was an index of the man. He was a stout, well proportioned, sturdy-looking gentleman, erect and solid, with a fine open face, full of intelligence and will, and good temper. He looked the Anglo-Saxon all over, with his fair skin, ruddy color, light hair and fine blue eyes, so clear and direct in their gaze. He had an unusually clear judgment, and was noted for his truth and integrity. He had the quality of fearlessness to an uncommon degree. He was a brave and skillful officer and an excellent disciplinarian. His command was thoroughly within his grasp. His final destiny was a puzzling and illogical sequence of his character and career. It violated every antecedent and experience of the man, and, connected as it was and interwoven, with the little incident I shall narrate, in which Old Rachel Stone figured so dramatically, it has puzzled philosophical consideration.

THE WRONG.

My regiment was encamped near Winchester, Tennessee. Mrs. Stone came from Georgia to Tennessee to endeavor to get her young son discharged from service. He was not of age, and while she had given her consent to his enlisting, her maternal solicitude had gotten the better of her patriotism, and she wished to regain him home away from the perils of the battlefield. She spent nearly a week in the vicinity of the camp pleading with Capt. Keith and myself to favor the discharge of her son. I frankly told the old lady that I could not approve it. I promised to forward her application, however, though I should be compelled by my sense of duty to indorse my disapproval upon it. After much vain effort to dissuade me from my disapproval, she finally brought the application to me, and I placed my indorsement upon it. She then asked me to read the whole paper over to her. I should have before stated that she was unable to read, and the fact of her illiteracy added to my admiration of her unique and impressive individuality. I started to read the paper. She admonished me to read slowly. When I came to Capt. Keith's indorsement, forwarding the paper "disapproved," the old woman sprang to her feet excitedly, and in eager surprise, and with impulsive incisiveness, she demanded of me imperiously to read that again. I did so very distinctly. She seemed bewildered and unable to realize the meaning of the words. She asked slowly if that writing of Capt. Keith meant that he was "agin" her boy getting out of the army. I told her that it did. She remarked in a voice strangely variant in its quietness with her strong excitement of appearance, that he had told her he had written on that paper that he was for her boy "gettin' out".

Controlling her excitement with a strong effort, she caught up the paper and abruptly left my tent. The simple fact is that Capt. Keith had deceived her. He had repeatedly and uniformly told her that he would favor her son's discharge, and when on her application, and, instead of approving as he had promised, he disapproved it, as he afterward said, trusting that she would never know it. He supposed she would bring it to me, and that I would take and indorse it and forward it up, and his duplicity would never be discovered. It is a curious fact that simple uncultured natures like hers are always suspicious, and she intuitively sought to verify the correctness of his statements.

THE MALEDICTION.

The end of the old creature's visit to our camp was dramatic. Her sense of wrong at Capt. Keith's hands was deep and intense. Probably she would hardly have been less resentful, and indignant if he had struck her. But to a mother, to boy with her hopes, assent to her wishes, give her sympathy in her plan day after day, and then finally deceive her, was cruel beyond measure, and it awakened in her a deep, implacable fury that knew no bounds. She had entertained high respect for him, and gave him thorough confidence. The transition was complete. Every fibre of her strong, coarse nature was wounded to the quick. It was a wonder, with their ungovernable spirit, that she did not attempt personal violence upon him. But she reserved her revenge for something more tragical. In her intense excitement she began to drink, and the liquor, of course, inflamed her rage. Finally just about dusk, she came to my tent pretty well intoxicated, and the scene that ensued is vividly impressed upon my recollection.

Her disordered appearance added to the effect she made. Her hair hung rough and uncombed about her flushed face. Her eyes glistened with excitement. Her countenance well indexed her turbulent soul. Her massive frame shook under her fiery agitation. She poured out a volume of talk, speaking none the less deliberately because of the vehemence of her tones. Her language was singularly and effectively dramatic. She began by telling me that she had no quarrel with me. It is true I refused to consider her, but I have been candid with her and never deceived her. I had told the truth like a man. But Reuben Keith had acted like a dog. As she spoke his name it seemed to intensify her wrath. She elaborately, and, it must be said, eloquently portrayed his perfidy, giving a graphic picture of her hopes, her plans, her love for her boy, her strong yearning to get him home, her labor, her appeals, her trust in Keith, his ready, sympathetic co-operation in her fervent desire, his base betrayal of her confidence. The stern old soul got right pathetic and touching in some of her allusions. Her face was told with the finest simplicity and effect of finest art. The conclusion was as striking as it was unexpected. Throwing herself upon her knees, the declining sun casting a sort of illusion around her homely but expressive old face, its marked features anguished and vindictive, she uttered such an imprecation upon Keith as horrified me and those that heard it. The malignancy of that malediction was something dreadful. She invoked deadly blight upon his mind, heart and home. She hoped that he might never know peace or happiness; that he might live in misery and terror, and when he died that he might die like a hunted hound, friendless, unpitied, away from friends, and his body be left unburied and unconfined as food for carrion. And she frenziedly declared that her curse would be fulfilled.

There was nothing in the scene to break the solemnity of the old woman's demonstration of hatred. She preserved her rude dignity throughout it all, and never lowered her tragical effectiveness. She certainly thrilled her hearers and left an uncomfortable horror for the object of her imprecations. The deep words, the falling twilight, the martial surrounding, all were fit accessories of the picture. Rising slowly, composing her features and striking silently into the woods and in the night, she disappeared, leaving only the dark, hideous memory of her appalling malediction.

THE FULFILLMENT.

Old Rachel Stone passed out of immediate memory. The swift and changing drama of war left no time nor opportunity for retrospection. But the old creature's curse seemed none the less surely to a seeming verification. The passage of Gen. Sherman's army through Georgia left in the northern section of the State a frightful condition of things. This favored section of the state—rich, healthy, beautiful—was a continuous ruin. It exemplified fully the horrors of war. The white section of the state, it furnished the bulk of the Union element. The arena for contending armies for a long period, it was desolated in its entirety. Left for months outside of the protecting aegis of both governments, the hiding-place of guerillas of both armies, the theatre of that worst of all strife that exists between inimical local factions, it realized in all its dread malignance the miserable suffering conveyed in the word anarchy. The melancholy condition of this section was the saddest picture of all the sad ones of the late war. Those able to flee fled. Those unable to get away, stayed in armed despair, ever present peril, and subject to daily rapine and death. Courts were silent, schools empty, churches deserted, dwellings were burned and fences destroyed, until the civilizing demarkations of home and farm were lost in indistinguishable ruin. Roving bands of deserters and robbers herded in the mountain caves, made predatory excursions from their fastnesses, and in their inhuman collisions and murderous orgies, kept up a reign of terror. It was once a smiling country, peaceful, prosperous and happy, converted by the fell Moloch of war into a bloody scene of utter desolation. And to these awful horrors, universal and unmitigable, the appalling possibility of starvation was added. No crop could be raised in this ruinous time, and charity could not penetrate this wilderness of devastation.

Capt. Keith's family lived in this section. He obtained a leave of absence to visit and provide for his people, and never returned. The desertion was a surprise to those who knew the high and noble character of the man, but there was allowance to be made for any one in the necessity of providing for a man's family where he was powerless and the reckless hand of violence was a sovereign ruler. Intelligence from that country was infrequent and obscure, but always of plunder and bloodshed. Men slept in their boots and armed. Of Capt. Keith we heard little. He was evidently trying to preserve his safety. He lived in terror of the torch of the incendiary and the pistol of the assassin. How or when he came to his death has never been learned. He was missing from his family, and for weeks his fate was unknown. His friends were in an agony of suspense, fearing the worst. And when the dread certainty was known, it verified the most dreadful anticipation. His body was found in the woods in a gully, disfigured, mangled, decaying, barely recognizable. Rachel Stone's curse had been fulfilled to the letter. He had miserably perished, as she had prayed and predicted. He had miserably died like a hunted dog, and methinks the frightful fate her impacable tongue had invoked upon him—a wretched, terror-stricken, lonely, murdered outcast.

"Marrow Weed's "Little Nell."

How a "Little Nell" of Real Life was Found and Loved and Lost.

Marrow Weed is an ardent admirer of Dickens' works, and expresses himself enthusiastically in an interview in the New York *World*. After touching various characters, he said:

"And 'Little Nell'"——

Here for a moment there was a break in the veteran's voice—it was almost a break of tears—but he quickly recovered himself and continued.

"Forty years ago I was living in Albany, and one afternoon on leaving the office I went to the barber's to get shaved. There were several men in the office, and while I was under the barber's hand I heard them saying that a writing-master named Chapman had died of delirium tremens, in a room that was bare of furniture, fire and food, and that they had found a little child two years of age alone with the corpse. After I had got through I asked the man what had become of the child, and they told me that Jenkins, the constable, had taken it to a woman's house, on such a street, to care for it until it was sent to the poor-house. It was a terrible winter day, and a furious storm was raging as I went home. At the breakfast I told the story very quietly without comment. As soon as I had finished my son (he was living then) rose and said, 'Father, shall I go and look after the child?' I told him no—that he need not go. Then I put on my overcoat, and when I got to the door I found my daughter there with her bonnet and shawl on, and I asked her what she intended to do. 'To go with you and bring the baby home.' I told her that the storm was too severe. I found the house, and as I entered the sitting-room I asked the woman in charge if I could see Mr. Chapman's little girl. 'Certainly,' was the answer, and she called, 'Mary, a gentleman wishes to see you.' I had noticed a little girl two years old, sitting in the corner, in the fire-light. She came and sat upon my lap. I took her home that night and we adopted her to our hearts.'

"The blessing of God came into our house with that child," said Mr. Weed, and as he said it his voice quivered. "She was as bright and lovely as the 'little Nell' whom Dickens has made immortal. She stayed with us twelve years, and each year we loved her more and more and she won every heart in which she came in contact. In her we found that 'little Nell' was no fancy picture but a living reality, and you cannot wonder that I love the hand that drew her lineaments." Mr. Weed here took off his watch and chain and showed his visitor two portraits of the fair young girl—one enameled on the inside of his watch and the other contained in a pendant charm—each striking by lovely.

"The story of that child," he continued, "is as strange as any fiction. After her death we remembered having heard a rumor that Mrs. Chapman had left another and older child at Charleston, and with my wife and daughter went there to look it up. At the hotel I picked up a directory, selected a name identified with charities, and found that this very gentleman had actually adopted Mrs. Chapman's boy, and that he had been the best and brightest child in the institution. He was ready for college, but came and visited us for a month. At Niagara he caught a severe cold, and in a month we laid him at rest beside his sister. But this is not all. We were in Europe shortly afterwards and at Boulogne met an officer of the British navy, whose wife, as it happened, had known Mrs. Chapman as a child in England (where she was born), and had traced her to the island of Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, where she had been a governess in the family of the Danish Gov. Von Scholtzen. She had gone thence to Charleston and married there." Mr. Weed subsequently visited the governor at Santa Cruz, and there completed the little story of his little Nell. By another strange coincidence the father of the reporter of the *World* to whom Mr. Weed yesterday told this story, was at that time rector of the English (established) church in the island of Santa Cruz.

MAIDENHOOD.

What happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat,
On all the flowerless ways they pass,
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink,
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
Its happy cadences between?
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her, and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?
For still, like sunglearns on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What gray-beard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown,
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long dumb sorrow of the earth?
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overlies.

PLURAL MARRIAGE.

The Doctrine of Their Bible Reviewed by a Gentile.

[From the Salt Lake Tribune.]

It is a cardinal point in Mormon, as in other theologies, that without repentance there is no remission of sin. In the Book of Mormon, the argument is that if mercy were allowed to rob justice, and to pardon a sinner without repentance, "God would cease to be God." This doctrine is plainly stated in the Book of Mormon, page 322.

"According to justice, the plan of redemption could not be brought about, only on condition of repentance of men in this probationary state, yea, this preparatory state; for except it were for these conditions, mercy could not take effect except it should destroy the work of justice. Now the work of justice could not be destroyed; if so God would cease to be God."

We are further taught in the Revelation on Celestial Marriage:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood, yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God."

In the Book of Mormon, page 177, we read:

"But behold, and fear and tremble before God; for ye ought to tremble; for the Lord redeemeth none such that rebel against him, and die in their sins; these are they that have no part in the first resurrection. Therefore had ye not ought to tremble? For salvation cometh to none such; yea, neither can the Lord redeem such; for he cannot deny himself; for he cannot deny justice when it has its claim."

In the revelation on Celestial Marriage, we find this further doctrine:

"If a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood. * * * * * if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder, whereby to shed innocent blood * * they shall pass by the angels, and the Gods which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever. Then shall they be Gods, because they have no end, therefore they shall be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be Gods, because they have all power and the angels are subject unto them. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory. This is eternal lives, to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. I am he. Receive ye therefore my law."

The old serpent shows his brazen crest in that word "wise." Jesus taught us, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." But according to this latter-day dispensation, "eternal lives" is endless propagation.

Without ever having repented of their sins, then, "if a man marries a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise," if they commit any sin whatever—murder excepted, "whereby they shed innocent blood"—they may come first in the resurrection and enter into their exaltation. With their sins unremitted they can enter into their exaltation (according to the teaching of the so-called revelation on celestial marriage) if they have only been "sealed up to this glory" by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood.

If Mormonism should ever decide to abandon the practice of polygamy, it would still hold, in the sealing prerogative of its priesthood, a more than Roman Catholic claim and power of exclusiveness in controlling the marriage relations of its devotees. This is shown in some utterances of Joseph Smith in March, 1844, and printed in *Deseret News*, June 17, 1857, as follows:

"I will make every doctrine plain that pertains to the kingdom of God, so that a man may be saved in it when he knows it. I will teach you the principle of salvation, that you may be saved in the kingdom of God, which is the church of the Lamb; and there is but one church on the earth or in heaven, which God acknowledges, and I will teach you the principle by which you may know the church from all others. It is the church in which there are men sealed up to eternal life, and you can know them as well as you know your fathers in the world. I know my calling and election is sure, and I know that I am ordained to preach the gospel, heal the sick, raise the dead, open the blind eyes, unstop the deaf ears, cast out devils, translate my body when I please, and do all things pertaining to my calling like unto my brethren, and no man can disannul it. I know that I am a prophet, and I care not what I say or do, I am not accountable to man for my words and actions, neither do I care what I say to kill off the wicked, I can do it by a word. I know that I am a king, priest, prophet, and revelator, and I am not to be dictated to. I am the man that God has chosen to lead this generation to eternal life, and my word is law to this people. I am the man that will lead your armies to victory, and not a hair of their heads shall fall. I am the man that will preside in your courts, and my word is law in these courts. I am the man that will preside in your churches, and my word is law in these churches. I am the man that will preside in your families, and my word is law in these families. I am the man that will preside in the kingdom of God, and my word is law in the kingdom of God. I am the man that will preside over the kingdoms of this world, and my word is law to these kingdoms. I am the man that will preside over the nations of the Lamanites, and my word is law to the Lamanites. I am the man that will preside over the nations of the Jews, and my word is law to the Jews. I am the man that will preside over the Gentiles, and my word is law to the Gentiles. I am the man that will preside over the world, and my word is law to the world. I am the man that will preside over death, and my word is law to death. I am the man that will preside over the grave, and my word is law to the grave. I am the man that will preside over the celestial kingdom of God, and my word is law in the celestial kingdom of God. I am the man that will preside over the terrestrial kingdom of God, and my word is law in the terrestrial kingdom of God. I am the man that will preside over the telestial kingdom of God, and my word is law in the telestial kingdom of God. I am the man that will preside over my family, and my word is law to my family. I ask what man among you, having a family, can preside over his family except he has a wife? I ask, what woman can be saved in the kingdom of God except she be married to a man who has the power of the priesthood? I ask, what man can be saved in the kingdom of God except he be married to a woman? I ask, what woman can be saved in the kingdom of God except she be married to her husband? I ask, what man can be saved in the kingdom of God except he be married to his

LOCAL LEVIES

Made by Tribune Reporters in their Daily Rounds.

Dunn & Co., druggists, No. 92, Main street.

The showers yesterday were immense for seeders.

The Territorial Supreme Court meets at Yankton, May 20.

Stimpson is extending his building 16 feet for an ice cream parlor.

Over 2,000 arrivals from the east during the past ten days.

Rev. J. G. Miller has sown 50 acres of wheat, and 75 of oats on his apple creek farm.

Mr. Kramer, of the signal corps, has been admitted to practice in Bismarck by Judge Barnes.

Messrs. Sherwood and Kramer of the signal corps, will till a quarter section of Dakota soil during the coming season.

The Red Chimney has been sold to Arthur Linn for one thousand dollars and will be occupied by Mr. Linn as a residence.

The grand jury took up the demi-monde cases on Wednesday, but the girls heard of the contemplated action, and most of them skipped.

Malloy Bros. will rent after May 1st the building now occupied by Mr. Ludewig, next door east of the Western House. This is a good business location.

The Benton, which left Sioux City on the 18th, with Captain Tom Townsend, master and J. B. La Bargeant and S. Doyle pilot, has a full load of through freight and 30 passengers.

A Michigan lawyer attending court at Bismarck during the recent term says Judge Barnes got through with more business in a week than an ordinary Michigan court would in six weeks.

Over one hundred people having been sleeping on the floors, couches, etc. at the various hotels in the city during the past week. There never was before such an immense travel to the northwest.

Mr. Wetherell, the Northern Pacific engineer who has been examining the Cedar creek route to the Yellowstone, reports it feasible. He is now running a line down that creek which if accepted will leave Glendive out in the cold.

The Fort Benton *Record* says of a heavy freight shipping firm: that it is rumored that the freight of Kleinschmidt & Bro.'s grocery house is to come by river. The firm of Kleinschmidt & Bro., have large and valuable interests at Benton, and they could give the river route the preference all things being equal.

Mr. Harry Hollicker, and Miss Minnie Wilson, were married at the Sheridan House Sunday evening last by Rev. I. M. Ba... Mr. Hollicker is one of the king railroad boys, and his new wife, a most amiable lady. The presents received were many, rich and costly. The young couple will make Mandan their home.

A. McKeardey, one of the veteran drivers of the northwest, died at the residence of Mayor Peoples to-day. For a number of years he drove for the Buford line and later for Winston & Co., of the Stevenson mail line. Deceased was about sixty years of age and had been sick but a few days.

Maj. Kirk is making many improvements about his quarters. There is scarcely anything left to tell the story of Camp Hancock. The cutters now present a clean appearance and as soon as the new picket fence is finished, the ground seeded, etc., West Main street can boast the most marked improvements of any street in the city.

The foundation for the Nave & Baker brick block, is being laid, and the frame of Dan Eisenberg's new building, 24 by 80 is up. This entirely covers the burnt district, and all of the buildings are rented. Nave & Baker's to Watson; Thomas McGowan's to Ludwig; John Quinlan's to Thurston & Co.; and Dan Eisenberg's to D. I. Bailey & Co.

Mr. Stevens is still unable to preach. Services will, however, be held at the Presbyterian church next Sunday at the usual hours of 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. John Lington, of Faribault, agent for the American Bible Society, will preach in the morning. In the evening the annual meeting of the Bismarck Bible Society will be held, at which time Dr. Jackson, from Fort Lincoln, will preach the sermon.

The leap year ball given by the Ivy Club at the Sheridan House Tuesday evening was largely attended. The music was splendid and dancing continued till a late hour. The young ladies who had charge of the ceremonies did themselves proud in the admirable way in which they conducted the proceedings, and the young gentlemen are very thankful for the many courtesies extended. The lunch was elegant and everybody was more than pleased.

Louis Scheiman has returned and taken his old post as pianist at Whitney's Opera House. The new stars, Miss Selma Johnson, Mr. E Balche and Tommy Jefferson are constantly gaining in favor. Chas. Archer still holds his grip on the hearts of the lovers of fun. Donaldson is still the favorite, while Miss Daisy is just splendid in her new role and Kitty Wells is as charming as ever. Miss Vernon is still too ill to appear but is getting better.

THE TRIBUNE attempted to get up a list of those receiving new goods last week, but can crowd the whole business in a paragraph by stating that there is not a merchant of any kind in the city who did not receive a new stock. A visit to the various stores, reveals the fact that the stocks purchased this spring are not only more extensive than usual, but composed of a finer quality of goods. The stores of Bismarck contain as complete stocks which are as elegantly displayed as any city in the country of double its population. Fruit of all kinds at the confectionery stores looks as tempting and delicious as though it had just been plucked from its native clime, three or four thousand miles away.

Dan. Eisenberg

Is expected home in a few days from the east, where he has bought a very fine selection of spring goods. He has already sent on an elegant assortment of all classes of Dry Goods, Notions, etc. By calling at his store (in Raymond's brick block) the clerks will kindly show you through their immense stock.

Something New

Dan. Eisenberg has just received a fine assortment of Infants' and Misses' Suits. They consist of Cambric, Linen, Pique, Worsted suits. This is a line of goods which has never before been carried in Bismarck, and cannot help but please the ladies, who have longed for this class of

goods. Their line of Parasols and Fans are very handsome.

Just to Please the Ladies.

"Come and see Watson's splendid stock of goods," said a lady to the reporter the other day. "It is the finest stock ever brought to Bismarck," said she, joining her, the store crowded with customers was soon reached, and an hour spent looking over the stock. It proved to be as the lady said, "just splendid." In buying this spring Mr. Watson covered the whole range of ladies goods from the most costly silks to the cheapest prints, from the elegant ready made silk suits to cheap calico wrappers. "I wouldn't that old grenadine to be made over. I'd have a dress from that lace bunting, said she. See! he has it in black, blue, gen-d'arme blue, etc. The gendarme shade runs through this line of silks, velvets, satins, cashmeres, etc. See the new styles of sun hats, the brown linen dusters. Isn't that line of brocaded and flowered cashmere, ribbons, Persian and Oriental effect, lovely? and that double-faced satin in heliotrope, Spanish yellow, moss green and gendarme. Are not those flowers beautiful? And so the lady, joined by others, talked on about blue and gold silk hose, flowered satin jewelry, brocaded and flowered buttons, horse shoe combs, horse shoe jewelry, and handkerchiefs, and things till the reporter was completely bewildered. Mr. Watson purchased these goods just to please the ladies and, reader, you just ought to see how glad Baehr and Clausen are to show them.

Sig. Hanauer has returned with the largest and best stock of goods ever brought to Bismarck, and we would call the attention of consumers to examine the bargains offered at the St. Paul Branch Clothing House before purchasing elsewhere.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is a wholesome stimulant and its quality is guaranteed.

Complete line of Vegetables, Etc.,
at KUPITZ.

A Full Line
Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

Blank Books,
Stationery, French note paper of every description, at HOLLEMBAEK'S

Toilet Articles,
A fresh Invoice of toilet articles and perfumery just opened at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Top Onions
at KUPITZ.

Blank Books
at DUNN'S.

Ground Paints,
In all colors, white lead, vardish, etc., at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Aspinwall Bananas
And Florida Oranges at KUPITZ.

Lace Buntings,
Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

A Large and Complete Stock
Of Stationery at DUNN'S.

Cider, Cider, Cider!
Duffy's celebrated Cider, by the barrel, gallon or quart, at KUPITZ.

Misses' and Children's Shoes,
At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S

Garden and Flower Seeds,
Of every kind at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Layer Figs
And Coconuts at KUPITZ.

Straw Goods
At Dan Eisenberg's, all the latest novelties in Ladies' and Children's.

Onion Setts
Just received at KUPITZ.

Dan Eisenberg
Has just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Shoes.

Pure Maple Sugar
at KUPITZ.

Russia Leather
And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocket-books at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Messina Lemons
And Turkish Dates at KUPITZ.

1,000 Packages
Of genuine Durham Smoking Tobaccos at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Rubber Boots,
Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

5,000 Key West Cigars,
Just opened at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Just Received
A large invoice of very fine apples, Valencia oranges and Messina lemons. At KUPITZ'

The Only Place,
If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant

New Lettuce, Radishes and Onions
at KUPITZ.

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's.
is the place to go for your day board

Am Now Receiving
Weekly a carload of choice stall-fed cattle, also have constantly on hand fresh veal, mutton and pork. KUPITZ'

Use the Improved
Cubeb Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at HOLLEMBAEK'S

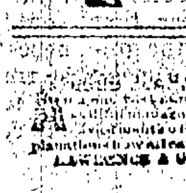
Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic gives tone to the stomach and digestive organs.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between J. W. Raymond and W. H. Thurston, under the name of J. W. Raymond & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, by W. H. Thurston retiring from said firm. J. W. Raymond continues the business and assumes all the liabilities and collects all debts owing to said firm.

Dated April 6, 1880.

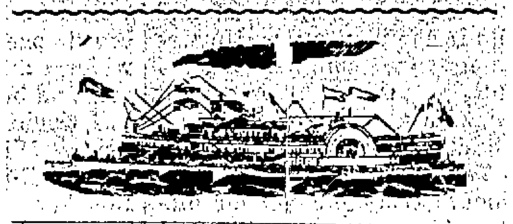
J. W. RAYMOND.
W. H. THURSTON.



$ ...Ber for joy! Only $18 for a genuine N. Y. Singer Sewing Machine. Can see and try before you buy. Elegant finish, best materials, and finest work. *Warranted 3 years.* Kept in order **free.** See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try us, and *save money.* Norick, ECONOMY EMPORIUM, 47 Third Av., Chicago.

[illegible] ... LAWRENCE & Co., 14 ... Place, New York.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN



The next boat expected from below is the Far West, daily.

The Sherman will probably get out on the ways next week.

The Sherman returned from her Standing Rock trip Wednesday night.

The Butte, first boat of the season for up river, left Monday evening with a full load of freight and passengers.

River report—10 a. m., Stevenson—A decided rise in river to day. Buford—slight rise. Keogh—stationery.

Captain G. D. Moore arrived from Alton, Ill., Wednesday night, and is a guest at the Sheridan.

Captain Guire who did such a successful job in raising the Macleod's machinery from the wreck, left for St. Louis Wednesday.

The Rosebud, first boat of the season from below, arrived Tuesday, took on a large quantity of freight, fifty or sixty passengers and left for Ft. Buford, Wednesday evening at 6:30.

Joe Dietrich returned from his trip to St. Paul Wednesday. It is not likely that Marsh and Dietrich will buy the Union, but it is probable that a new ferry will be brought up from below.

The gun wad alias the Yankton *Press and Dakotaian* takes exception to the recent dispatch sent from Bismarck to eastern papers, stating that the government freight would be shipped from Bismarck this season to points above, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. It copies a portion of the dispatch, but leaves off the most important part—that showing a saving to the government of twenty-five cents on a hundred by shipping this way. The government takes the cheapest and surest route. The Missouri between Bismarck and Running Water, Sioux City or Yankton is very uncertain during the summer months, and the government has not the time to speculate on uncertainties. Yankton has some government corn to ship, but further than that she must not expect any government business except on paper, which is being pretty freely lavished by the said P. & D.

YELLOWSTONE LINE

YELLOWSTONE LINE

OF STEAMERS.

JOSEPH LEIGHTON, Manager.
(St. Paul Minn.)

Steamer

F. Y. Batchelor,

GRANT MARSH, Master,

Leaves Bismarck [illegible]

Fort Buford, Miles City, Fort Keogh, Sherman, Terry's Landing, Huntley, Junction City, Fort Custer, and Big Horn River.

Will run regularly during season.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, Or, J. C. BARR, Sheridan House

TONIC

REED'S

GILT EDGE TONIC

—IS A—

THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the triturated compound of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACN[illegible] & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers,

Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty. 20tf

TONSORIAL ARTISTS

W. [illegible]

Proprietor

TONSORIAL PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

ATTORNEY

[illegible]

ATTORNEY [illegible]

BISMARCK D. T.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

Wants.

WANTED.—A girl to do housework. Good wages. Apply to Wm. M. Pye, [illegible] Dan. Eisenberg's.

WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors a good cigar or a "bang up" meal [illegible] at Bush & McBratney's Palace [illegible] Mandan, D. T.

WANTED.—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and $1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE office.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—1,500 bushels potatoes. Apply at the Post Trader's store, Fort Lincoln. 44tf

FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to
26tf McLEAN & MACNIDER.

FOR SALE—A second hand platform spring wagon, nearly new. Wagon has just been repainted and will be sold at a bargain.
44tf Enquire of C. R. WILLIAMS.

FOR SALE.—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 36tf

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road,

FOR SALE.—A few more Bismarck Directories. Useful references for business men.

FOR SALE or RENT—The Echart farm one mile and a half south of Bismarck, containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery.
34tf Apply to WM. HARMON, Fort Lincoln, D. T.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.

JEWELL'S DIRECTORY has the name and place of residence of every person in the city. For Sale at THE TRIBUNE office, 50 cts. and one dollar.

DON'T forget Forster's when you are in town

DO you want to find a man in this city? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories, which will tell you where he lives.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

FIRST-class day board at Forster's only $5 per week

TWO COPIES LEFT.—Purchase one before they are all sold. Early history of Bismarck, together with a complete directory, giving name and place of business, and residence of every person in Bismarck. M. H. JEWELL, Publisher, Bismarck, D. T.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 28½, Main street.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co, Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co, Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

DO you want to save money? Then go to Forster's and buy meal tickets

DO YOU WANT to find out the full name of anyone in the city, or address circulars for the spring trade? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Only 100 copies left.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of
M. P. SLATTERY,
41tfm 18 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Choice Seed Potatoes.

I have about one hundred bushels of the Triumph potatoes for sale. I raised 125 bushels last year from one bushel of seed. It is about two weeks earlier than the Early Rose. Price per bushel $2.50; Early Rose per bu 50c.
HENRY SUTTLE,
4t Bismarck, D. T.

CLOTHING

GREAT BARGAINS

In Boots and Shoes, for Boys, Youths and Men. Our Stock is complete and our prices lower than ever before. We can suit all as to quality of stock and style, and guarantee that our prices are lower than anywhere else in the city.

St. Paul Branch Clothing House and Gents Furnishing [illegible].

CORN FOR SEED.

J. W. Millett raised near Bismarck, last year, 105 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a twelve row variety—flint, of course—called Campton's Early. It matured last year in about seventy days from planting. The ears are about ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr. Millett can supply seed in any quantity. The corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

Vacant Places

In the dental ranks will never occur if you are particular with your teeth, and cleanse them every day with that famous tooth-wash, SOZODONT. From youth to old age it will keep the enamel spotless and unimpaired. The teeth of persons who use SOZODONT have a pearl-like whiteness, and the gums a roseate hue, while the breath is purified, and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare antiseptic herbs and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Pastes, &c.

DRY GOODS.

1880. 1880.

DAN EISENBERG

HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS

SPRING STOCK.

You can find a full line of Buntings, Linen Lawns, Renfrew Suitings, Satin Striped Silk, Velvet Striped Satin, Plain Silks and Satins, and everything in the line of Dry Goods. Also a full line of

Ladies' and Misses Shoes,

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Etc.

Orders from up and down River will receive Prompt Attention.

Main Street, Raymond's Brick Block Bismarck, Dakota.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Wholesale Druggist

DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Also White Lead, Paints Oils and Varnishes. BISMARCK, D.

A Full line of all Standard Patent Medicines

DUNN & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

FURNITURE

J. C. CADY.

Furniture and Undertaking

No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS, ETC.

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Bismarck Carriage Works.

I wish to inform the Public that I have opened a

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE SHOP,

FIFTH ST., NEAR MEIGS

Where I am prepared to do all kinds of Light and Heavy Work.

Horse-Shoeing in all its Branches.

ALL GOVERNMENT WORK ATTENDED TO.

CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTING.

Repairs promptly attended to. S. . COOPER.

NURSERY.

Hardy Fruits our Specialty

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

A Full Line of everything desirable. New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the Best of Stock at low prices.

Local Agents Wanted. J. C. PLUMB & SON,
GREEN HILL NURSERIES
Milton, Wis.

TREES, TREES, TREES!

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Hardy Fruit, Ornamental, Shade, and Evergreen Trees, also Flowering Shrubs, Small Fruits, Roses, Bulbs, Etc. 144 acres in nursery of 25th year. Grafting on the crab root a specialty.

THE GOULD NURSERY,
46—47 Beaver Dam, Wis.

MARKET

Carahoof's Market Garden and Poultry Yard.

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

VEGETABLES AND FIRST CLASS POULTRY.

"Plymouth Rock" Chickens a specialty. Special contracts made with hotels and steamboats. Eggs for hatching $1 per 13. Farm two miles northeast of the city.

S. Z. CARAHOOF, Prop., Bismarck, D. T.

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